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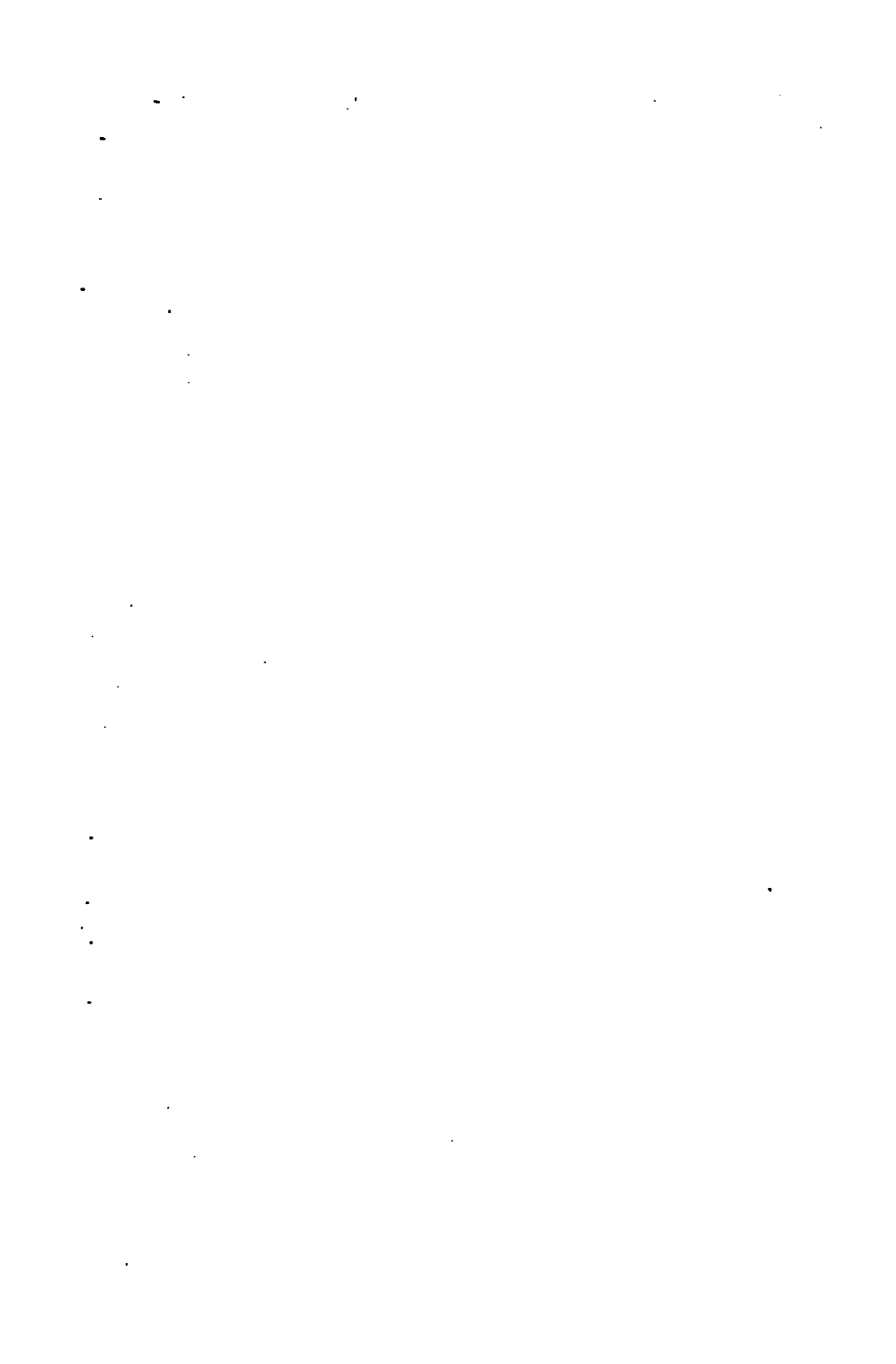
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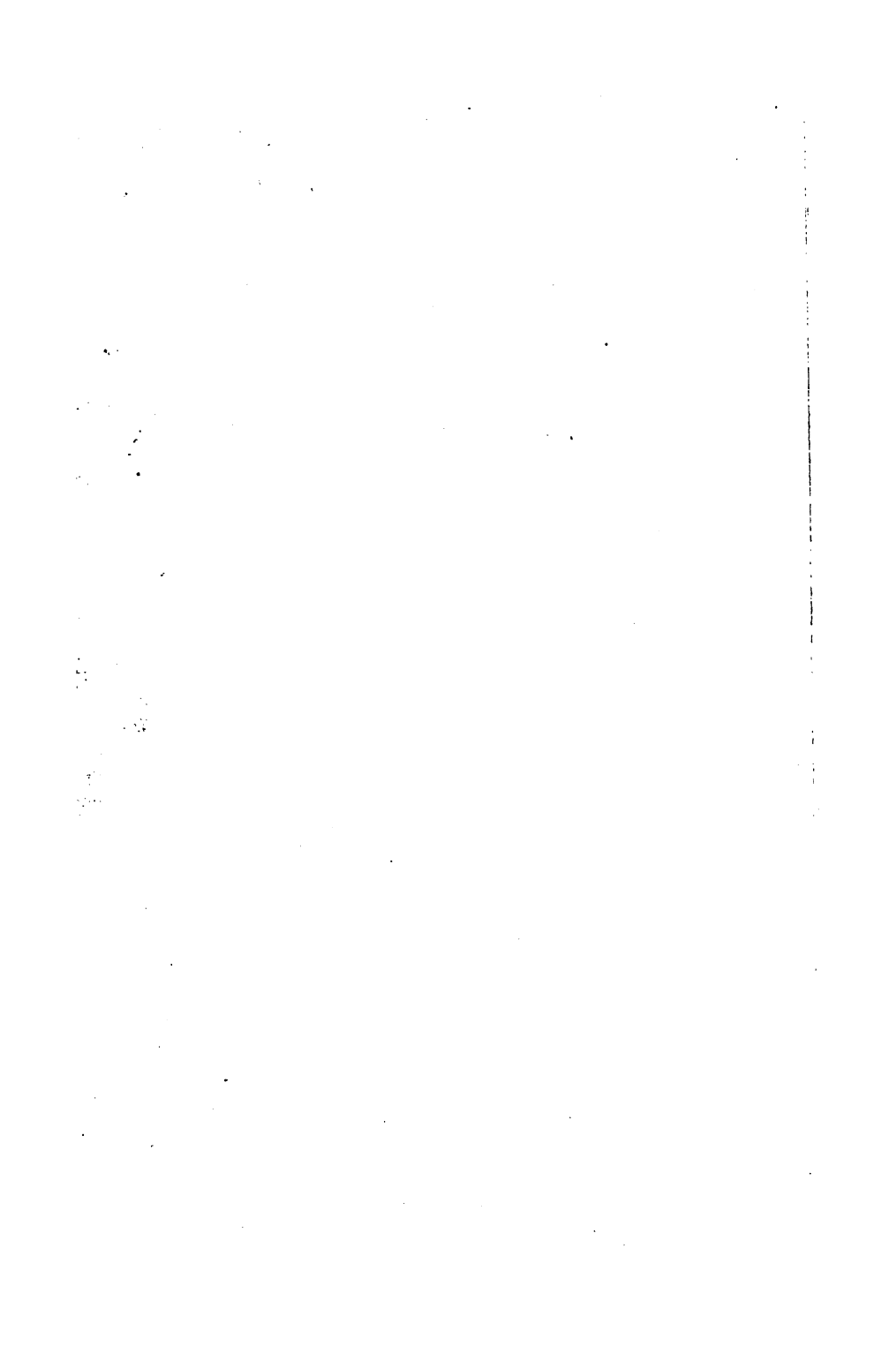
RHYMES OF A
RED CROSS MAN

ROBERT W. SERVICE

A decorative flourish consisting of a central floral or leaf-like motif with symmetrical, swirling lines extending downwards and outwards from the sides.









Robert W. Service.

Rhymes of a Red Cross Man

BY

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of "The Spell of the Yukon," "The
Ballads of a Cheechako," "Rhymes
of a Rolling Stone," etc.



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To the Memory of
MY BROTHER,
LIEUTENANT ALBERT SERVICE
CANADIAN INFANTRY
KILLED IN ACTION, FRANCE
August, 1916.

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FOREWORD

*I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes
In weary, woeful, waiting times;
In doleful hours of battle-din,
Ere yet they brought the wounded in;
Through vigils of the fateful night,
In lousy barns by candle-light;
In dug-outs, sagging and afloat,
On stretchers stiff and bleared with blood;
By ragged grove, by ruined road,
By hearths accurst where Love abode;
By broken altars, blackened shrines
I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes.*

*I've solaced me with scraps of song
The desolated ways along:
Through sickly fields all shrapnel-sown,
And meadows reaped by death alone;
By blazing cross and splintered spire,
By headless Virgin in the mire;
By gardens gashed amid their bloom,
By gutted grave, by shattered tomb;
Beside the dying and the dead,*

FOREWORD

*Where rocket green and rocket red,
In trembling pools of poisoning light,
With flowers of flame festoon the night.
Ah me! by what dark ways of wrong
I've cheered my heart with scraps of song.*

*So here's my sheaf of war-won verse,
And some is bad, and some is worse.
And if at times I curse a bit,
You needn't read that part of it;
For through it all like horror runs
The red resentment of the guns.
And you yourself would mutter when
You took the things that once were men
And sped them through that zone of hate
To where the dripping surgeons wait;
And wonder too if in God's sight
War ever, ever can be right.*

*Yet may it not be, crime and war
But effort misdirected are?
And if there's good in war and crime,
There may be in my bits of rhyme,
My songs from out the slaughter mill:
So take or leave them as you will.*

THE CALL

(France, August first, 1914)

Far and near, high and clear,
Hark to the call of War!
Over the gorse and the golden dells,
Ringing and swinging of clamorous bells,
Praying and saying of wild farewells:
War! War! War!

High and low, all must go:
Hark to the shout of War!
Leave to the women the harvest yield;
Gird ye, men, for the sinister field;
A sabre instead of a scythe to wield:
War! Red War!

Rich and poor, lord and boor,
Hark to the blast of War!
Tinker and tailor and millionaire,
Actor in triumph and priest in prayer,

THE CALL

Comrades now in the hell out there,
Sweep to the fire of War!

Prince and page, sot and sage,
Hark to the roar of War!
Poet, professor and circus clown,
Chimney-sweeper and fop o' the town,
Into the pot and be melted down:
Into the pot of War!

Women all, hear the call,
The pitiless call of War!
Look your last on your dearest ones,
Brothers and husbands, fathers, sons:
Swift they go to the ravenous guns,
The gluttonous guns of War.

Everywhere thrill the air
The maniac bells of War.
There will be little of sleeping to-night;
There will be wailing and weeping to-night;
Death's red sickle is reaping to-night:
War! War! War!

THE FOOL

“ But it isn’t playing the game,” he said,
And he slammed his books away;
“ The Latin and Greek I’ve got in my head
Will do for a duller day.”
“ Rubbish! ” I cried; “ The bugle’s call
Isn’t for lads from school.”
D’ye think he’d listen? Oh, not at all:
So I called him a fool, a fool.

Now there’s his dog by his empty bed,
And the flute he used to play,
And his favourite bat . . . but Dick he’s dead,
Somewhere in France, they say:
Dick with his rapture of song and sun,
Dick of the yellow hair,
Dicky whose life had but begun,
Carrion-cold out there.

Look at his prizes all in a row:
Surely a hint of fame.
Now he’s finished with,— nothing to show:

THE FOOL

Doesn't it seem a shame?
Look from the window! All you see
Was to be his one day:
Forest and furrow, lawn and lea,
And he goes and chucks it away.

Chucks it away to die in the dark:
Somebody saw him fall,
Part of him mud, part of him blood,
The rest of him — not at all.
And yet I'll bet he was never afraid,
And he went as the best of 'em go,
For his hand was clenched on his broken blade,
And his face was turned to the foe.

And I called him a fool . . . oh how blind
was I!
And the cup of my grief's abrim.
Will Glory o' England ever die
So long as we've lads like him?
So long as we've fond and fearless fools,
Who, spurning fortune and fame,
Turn out with the rallying cry of their schools,
Just bent on playing the game.

THE FOOL

'A fool! Ah no! He was more than wise.
His was the proudest part.
He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
And the glory of love in his heart.
And though there's never a grave to tell,
Nor a cross to mark his fall,
Thank God! we know that he "batted well"
In the last great Game of all.

THE VOLUNTEER

Sez I: My Country calls? Well, let it call.
I grins perlately and declines wiv thanks.
Go, let 'em plaster every blighted wall,
'Ere's *one* they don't stampede into the ranks.
Them politicians with their greasy ways;
Them empire-grabbers — fight for 'em? No
fear!

I've seen this mess a-comin' from the days
Of Algyserious and Aggydear:
I've felt me passion rise and swell,
But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Sez I: My Country? Mine? I likes their
cheek.

Me mud-bespattered by the cars they drive,
Wot makes my measly thirty bob a week,
And sweats red blood to keep meself alive!
Fight for the right to slave that they may spend,
Them in their mansions, me 'ere in my slum?
No, let 'em fight wot's something to defend:

THE VOLUNTEER

But me, I've nothin'— let the Kaiser come.
And so I cusses 'ard and well,
But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Sez I: If they would do the decent thing,
And shield the missis and the little 'uns,
Why, even *I* might shout "God save the King,"
And face the chances of them 'ungry guns.
But we've got three, another on the way;
It's that wot makes me snarl and set me jor:
The wife and nippers, wot of 'em, I say,
If I gets knocked out in this blasted war?
Gets proper busted by a shell,
But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Ay, wot the 'ell's the use of all this talk?
To-day some boys in blue was passin' me,
And some of 'em they 'ad no legs to walk,
And some of 'em they 'ad no eyes to see.
And— well, I couldn't look 'em in the face,
And so I'm goin', goin' to declare
I'm under forty-one and take me place
To face the music with the bunch out there.
A fool, you say! Maybe you're right.
I'll 'ave no peace unless I fight.
I've ceased to think; I only know
I've gotta go, Bill, gotta go.

THE CONVALESCENT

. . . So I walked among the willows very
quietly all night;
There was no moon at all, at all; no timid star
alight;
There was no light at all, at all; I wint from
tree to tree,
And I called him as his mother called, but he
nivver answered me.

Oh I called him all the night-time, as I walked
the wood alone;
And I listened and I listened, but I nivver heard
a moan;
Then I found him at the dawnin', when the
sorry sky was red:
I was lookin' for the livin', but I only found
the dead.

THE CONVALESCENT

Sure I know that it was Shamus by the silver
cross he wore;
But the bugles they were callin', and I heard
the cannon roar.
Oh I had no time to tarry, so I said a little
prayer,
And I clasped his hands together, and I left him
lyin' there.

Now the birds are singin', singin', and I'm
home in Donegal,
And it's Springtime, and I'm thinkin' that I
only dreamed it all;
I dreamed about that evil wood, all crowded
with its dead,
Where I knelt beside me brother when the
battle-dawn was red.

Where I prayed beside me brother ere I wint
to fight anew:
Such dreams as these are evil dreams; I can't
believe it's true.
Where all is love and laughter, sure it's hard to
think of loss . . .
But mother's sayin' nothin', and she clasps —
a silver cross.

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

Oh the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas
nothing but the thrumming
Of a wood-pecker a-rapping on the hollow of a
tree;
And she thought that I was fooling when I said
it was the drumming
Of the mustering of legions, and 'twas calling
unto me;
'Twas calling me to pull my freight and hop
across the sea.

And a-mending of my fish-nets sure I started
up in wonder,
For I heard a savage roaring and 'twas coming
from afar;
Oh the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas
only summer thunder,

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

And she laughed a bit sarcastic when I told her
it was War;
'Twas the chariots of battle where the mighty
armies are.

Then down the lake came Half-breed Tom with
russet sail a-flying,
And the word he said was "War" again, so
what was I to do?
Oh the dogs they took to howling, and the
missis took to crying,
As I flung my silver foxes in the little birch
canoe:
Yes, the old girl stood a-blubbing till an island
hid the view.

Says the factor: "Mike, you're crazy! They
have soldier men a-plenty.
You're as grizzled as a badger, and you're sixty
year or so."
"But I haven't missed a scrap," says I, "since
I was one and twenty.
And shall I miss the biggest? You can bet your
whiskers — no!"
So I sold my furs and started . . . and that's
eighteen months ago.

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

For I joined the Foreign Legion, and they put
me for a starter

In the trenches of the Argonne with the Boche
a step away;

And the partner on my right hand was an
apache from Montmartre;

On my left there was a millionaire from Pitts-
burg, U. S. A.

(Poor fellow! They collected him in bits the
other day.)

But I'm sprier than a chipmunk, save a touch
of the lumbago,

And they calls me Old Methoosalah, and
blagues me all the day.

I'm their exhibition sniper, and they work me
like a Dago,

And laugh to see me plug a Boche a half a mile
away.

Oh I hold the highest record in the regiment,
they say.

And at night they gather round me, and I tell
them of my roaming

In the Country of the Crepuscule beside the
Frozen Sea,

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

Where the musk-ox runs unchallenged, and the
cariboo goes homing;
And they sit like little children, just as quiet as
can be:
Men of every crime and colour, how they
harken unto me!

And I tell them of the Furland, of the tumpline
and the paddle,
Of secret rivers loitering, that no one will ex-
plore;
And I tell them of the ranges, of the pack-strap
and the saddle,
And they fill their pipes in silence, and their
eyes beseech for more;
While above the star-shells fizzle and the high
explosives roar.

And I tell of lakes fish-haunted, where the big
bull moose are calling,
And forests still as sepulchres with never trail
or track;
And valleys packed with purple gloom, and
mountain peaks appalling,

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

And I tell them of my cabin on the shore at
Fond du Lac;

And I find myself a-thinking: Sure I wish that
I was back.

So I brag of bear and beaver while the batter-
ies are roaring,

And the fellows on the firing steps are blazing
at the foe;

And I yarn of fur and feather when the *mar-*
mites are a-soaring,

And they listen to my stories, seven *poilus* in a
row,

Seven lean and lousy *poilus* with their cigarettes
aglow.

And I tell them when it's over how I'll hike
for Athabaska;

And those seven greasy *poilus* they are crazy
to go too.

And I'll give the wife the "pickle-tub" I prom-
ised, and I'll ask her

The price of mink and marten, and the run of
cariboo,

And I'll get my traps in order, and I'll start to
work anew.

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

For I've had my fill of fighting, and I've seen
a nation scattered,
And an army swung to slaughter, and a river
red with gore,
And a city all a-smoulder, and . . . as if it
really mattered,
For the lake is yonder dreaming, and my cabin's
on the shore;
And the dogs are leaping madly, and the wife is
singing gladly,
And I'll rest in Athabaska, and I'll leave it
nevermore.

THE RED RETREAT

*Tramp, tramp, the grim road, the road from
Mons to Wipers
(I've 'ammered out this ditty with me bruised
and bleedin' feet);
Tramp, tramp, the dim road — we didn't 'ave
no pipers,
And bellies that was 'oller was the drums we 'ad
to beat.
Tramp, tramp, the bad road, the bits o' kiddies
cryin' there,
'The fell birds a-flyin' there, the 'ouses all
aflame;
Tramp, tramp, the sad road, the pals I left
a-lyin' there,
Red there, and dead there. . . . Oh blimy,
it's a shamel*

A-singin' " 'Oo's Yer Lady Friend? " we started
out from 'Arver,
'A-singin' till our froats was dry — we didn't
care a 'ang;

THE RED RETREAT

The Frenchies 'ow they lined the way, and slung
us their palaver,
And all we knowed to arnser was the one word
"vang";
They gave us booze and caporal, and cheered
for us like crazy,
And all the pretty gels was out to kiss us as we
passed;
And 'ow they all went dotty when we 'owled the
Marcelaisey!
Oh, Gawd! Them was the 'appy days, the
days too good to last.

We started out for God Knows Where, we
started out a-roarin';
We 'ollered: "'Ere We Are Again," and
'struth! but we was dry.
The dust was gummin' up our ears, and 'ow the
sweat was pourin';
The road was long, the sun was like a brazier
in the sky.
We wondered where the 'Uns was — we wasn't
long a-wonderin',
For down a scruff of 'ill-side they rushes like a
flood;

THE RED RETREAT

Then oh! 'twas music 'eavenly, our batteries
a-thunderin',
And arms and legs went soarin' in the fountain
of their blood.

For on they came like bee-swarms, a-hochin'
and a-singin';
We pumped the bullets into 'em, we couldn't
miss a shot.
But though we mowed 'em down like grass,
like grass was they a-springin',
And all our 'ands was blistered, for our rifles
was so 'ot.
We roared with battle-fury, and we lammed the
stuffin' out of 'em,
And then we fixed our bay'nets and we spitted
'em like meat.
You should 'ave 'eard the beggars squeal; you
should 'ave seen the rout of 'em,
And 'ow we cussed and wondered when the
word came: Retreat!

Retreat! That was the 'ell of it. It fair up-
set our 'abits,
A-runnin' from them blighters over 'alf the
roads of France;

THE RED RETREAT

A-scurryin' before 'em like a lot of blurry rabbits,
And knowin' we could smash 'em if we just 'ad
'alf a chance.
Retreat! That was the bitter bit, a-limpin' and
a-blunderin';
All day and night a-hoofin' it and sleepin' on
our feet;
A-fightin' rear guard actions for a bit o' rest,
and wonderin'
If sugar beets or mangels was the 'olesomest
to eat.

Ho yus, there isn't many left that started out
so cheerily;
There was no bands a-playin' and we 'ad no
autmobeels.
Our tummies they was 'oller, and our 'eads was
'angin' wearily,
And if we stopped to light a fag the 'Uns was
on our 'eels.
That rotten road! I can't forget the kids and
mothers flyin' there,
The bits of barns a-blazin' and the 'orrid sights
I sor;

THE RED RETREAT

The stiff s that lined the wayside, me own pals
a-lyin' there,
Their faces covered over wiv a little 'eap of
stror.

*Tramp, tramp, the red road, the wicked bullets
'ummin'*

*(I've panted out this ditty with me 'ot 'ard
breath.)*

*Tramp, tramp, the dread road, the Boches all
a-comin',*

*The lootin' and the shootin' and the shrieks
o' death.*

*Tramp, tramp, the fell road, the mad 'orde pur-
suin' there,*

*And 'ow we 'urled it back again, them grim,
grey waves;*

*Tramp, tramp, the 'ell road, the 'orror and the
ruin there,*

*The graves of me mateys there, the grim, sour
graves.*

THE HAGGIS OF PRIVATE MC PHEE

“Hae ye heard whit ma auld mither’s postit
tae me?”

It fair maks me hamesick,” says Private Mc-
Phee.

“And whit did she send ye?” says Private
McPhun,

As he cockit his rifle and bleezed at a Hun.

“A haggis! A *Haggis!*” says Private Mc-
Phee;

“The brawest big haggis I ever did see.

And think! it’s the morn when fond memory
turns

Tae haggis and whuskey — the Birthday o’
Burns.

We maun find a dram; then we’ll ca’ in the rest
O’ the lads, and we’ll hae a Burns’ Nicht wi’
the best.”

PRIVATE MC PHEE

“ Be ready at sundoon,” snapped Sergeant Mc-Cole;

“ I want you two men for the List'nin' Patrol.”
Then Private McPhee looked at Private Mc-Phun:

“ I'm thinkin', ma lad, we're confoundedly done.”

Then Private McPhun looked at Private Mc-Phee:

“ I'm thinkin' auld chap, it's a' aff wi' oor spree.”

But up spoke their crony, wee Wullie McNair:
“ Jist lea' yer braw haggis for me tae prepare;
And as for the dram, if I search the camp
roun',

We maun hae a drappie tae jist haud it doon.

Sae rin, lads, and think, though the nicht it be
black,

O' the haggis that's waitin' ye when ye get
back.”

My! but it wis waesome on Naebuddy's Land,
And the deid they were rottin' on every hand.
And the rockets like corpse candles hauntit the
sky,

PRIVATE MC PHEE

And the winds o' destruction went shudderin'
by.

There wis skelpin' o' bullets and skirlin' o'
shells,

And breengin' o' bombs and a thousand death-
knells;

But cooryin' doon in a Jack Johnson hole
Little fashed the twa men o' the List'nin' Patrol.
For sweeter than honey and bricht as a gem
Wis the thocht o' the haggis that waitit for
them.

Yet alas! in oor moments o' sunniest cheer
Calamity's aften maist cruelly near.

And while the twa talked o' their puddin'
divine

The Boches below them were howkin' a mine.
And while the twa cracked o' the feast they
would hae,

The fuse it wis burnin' and burnin' away.

Then sudden a roar like the thunner o' doom,
A hell-leap o' flame . . . then the wheesht o'
the tomb.

PRIVATE MC PHEE

“Haw, Jock! Are ye hurtit?” says Private McPhun.

“Ay, Geordie, they’ve got me; I’m fearin’ I’m done.

It’s ma leg; I’m jist thinkin’ it’s aff at the knee; Ye’d best gang and leave me,” says Private McPhee.

“Oh leave ye I wanna,” says Private McPhun;

“And leave ye I canna, for though I micht run, It’s no faur I wud gang, it’s no muckle I’d see: I’m blindit, and that’s whit’s the maitter wi’ me.”

Then Private McPhee sadly shakit his heid:

“If we bide here for lang, we’ll be bidin’ for deid.

And yet, Geordie lad, I could gang weel content

If I’d tasted that haggis ma auld mither sent.”

“That’s droll,” says McPhun; “ye’ve jist speakit ma mind.

Oh I ken it’s a terrible thing tae be blind;

And yet it’s no that that embitters ma lot —

It’s missin’ that braw muckle haggis ye’ve got.”

For a while they were silent; then up once again

PRIVATE MC PHEE

Spoke Private McPhee, though he whussilt wi'
pain:

“ And why should we miss it? Between you
and me

We've legs for tae run, and we've eyes for tae
see.

You lend me your shanks and I'll lend you ma
sicht,

And we'll baith hae a kyte-fu' o' haggis the
nicht.”

Oh the sky it wis dourlike and dreepin' a wee,
When Private McPhun gruppit Private Mc-
Phee.

Oh the glaur it wis fylin' and crieshin' the
grun',

When Private McPhee guidit Private Mc-
Phun.

“ Keep clear o' them corpses — they're maybe
no deid!

Haud on! There's a big muckle crater aheid.
Look oot! There's a sap; we'll be haein' a
coup.

A staur-shell! For Godsake! Doun, lad, on
yer daup.

PRIVATE MC PHEE

Bear aff tae yer richt. . . . Aw yer jist daein'
fine:
Before the nicht's feenished on haggis we'll
dine."

There wis death and destruction on every hand;
There wis havoc and horror on Naebuddy's
Land.
And the shells bickered doun wi' a crump and
a glare,
And the hameless wee bullets were dingin' the
air.
Yet on they went staggerin', cooryin' doun
When the stutter and cluck o' a Maxim crept
roun'.
And the legs o' McPhun they were sturdy and
stoot,
And McPhee on his back kept a bonnie look-oot.
"On, on, ma brave lad! We're no faur frae
the goal;
I can hear the braw sweerin' o' Sergeant Mc-
Cole."

PRIVATE MC PHEE

But strength has its leemit, and Private Mc-
Phun,

Wi' a sab and a curse fell his length on the
grun'.

Then Private McPhee shoutit doon in his ear:
“ Jist think o' the haggis! I smell it from here.
It's gushin' wi' juice, it's embaumin' the air;
It's steamin' for us, and we're — jist — aboot
— there.”

Then Private McPhun answers: “ Dommit,
auld chap!

For the sake o' that haggis I'll gang till I drap.”
And he gets on his feet wi' a heave and a
strain,

And onward he staggers in passion and pain.
And the flare and the glare and the fury in-
crease,

Till you'd think they'd jist taken a' hell on a
lease.

And on they go reelin' in pectifu' plight,
And someone is shoutin' away on their right;
And someone is runnin', and noo they can hear
A sound like a prayer and a sound like a cheer;
And swift through the crash and the flash and
the din,

The lads o' the Hielands are bringin' them in.

PRIVATE MC PHEE

“They’re baith sairly woundit, but is it no droll
Hoo they rave about haggis?” says Sergeant
McCole.

When hirplin alang comes wee Wullie McNair,
And they a’ wonnert why he wis greetin’ sae
sair.

And he says: “I’d jist liftit it oot o’ the pot,
And there it lay steamin’ and savoury hot,
When sudden I dooked at the fleech o’ a shell,
And it — *drapped on the haggis and dinged it
tae hell.*”

And oh but the lads were fair taken aback;
Then sudden the order wis passed tae attack,
And up from the trenches like lions they leapt,
And on through the nicht like a torrent they
swept.

On, on, wi’ their bayonets thirstin’ before!
On, on tae the foe wi’ a rush and a roar!
And wild to the welkin their battle-cry rang,
And doon on the Boches like tigers they sprang:
And there wisna a man but had death in his ee,
For he thocht o’ the haggis o’ Private McPhee.

THE LARK

From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn,
The guns have brayed without abate;
And now the sick sun looks upon
The bleared, blood-boltered fields of hate
As if it loathed to rise again.
How strange the hush! Yet sudden, hark!
From yon down-trodden gold of grain,
The leaping rapture of a lark.

A fusillade of melody,
That sprays us from yon trench of sky;
A new amazing enemy
We cannot silence though we try;
A battery on radiant wings,
That from yon gap of golden fleece
Hurls at us hopes of such strange things
As joy and home and love and peace.

THE LARK

Pure heart of song! do you not know
That we are making earth a hell?
Or is it that you try to show
Life still is joy and all is well?
Brave little wings! Ah, not in vain
You beat into that bit of blue:
Lo! we who pant in war's red rain
Lift shining eyes, see Heaven too.

THE ODYSSEY OF 'ERBERT 'IGGINS

Me and Ed and a stretcher
Out on the nootral ground.
(If there's one dead corpse, I'll betcher
'There's a 'undred smellin' around.)

Me and Eddie O'Brian,
Both of the R. A. M. C.
"It's a 'ell of a night
For a soul to take flight,"
As Eddie remarks to me.
Me and Ed crawlin' 'omeward,
Thinkin' our job is done,
When sudden and clear,
Wot do we 'ear:
'Owl of a wounded 'Un.

"Got to take 'im," snaps Eddy;
"Got to take all we can.
'E may be a Germ
Wiv the 'eart of a worm,
But, blarst 'im! ain't 'e a man?"
So 'e sloshes out fixin' a dressin'

THE ODYSSEY OF 'ERBERT 'IGGINS

('E'd always a medical knack),
When that wounded 'Un
'E rolls to 'is gun,
And 'e plugs me pal in the back.

Now what would you do? I arst you.
There was me slaughtered mate.
There was that 'Un
(I'd collered 'is gun),
A-snarlin' 'is 'ymn of 'ate.
Wot did I do? 'Ere, whisper . . .
'E'd a shiny bald top to 'is 'ead,
But when I got through,
Between me and you,
It was 'orrid and jaggy and red.

“'Ang on like a limpet, Eddy.
Thank Gord! you ain't dead after all.”
It's slow and it's sure and it's steady
(Which is 'ard, for 'e's big and I'm small).
The rockets are shootin' and shinin',
It's rainin' a perishin' flood,
The bullets are buzzin' and whinin',
And I'm up to me stern in the mud.
There's all kinds of 'owlin' and 'ootin';
It's black as a bucket of tar;
Oh, I'm doin' my bit,

THE ODYSSEY OF 'ERBERT 'IGGINS

But I'm 'avin' a fit,
And I wish I was 'ome wiv Mar.

"Stick on like a plaster, Eddy.
Old sport, you're a-slackin' your grip."
Gord! But I'm crocky already;
My feet, 'ow they slither and slip!
There goes the biff of a bullet.
The Boches have got us for fair.
Another one — *Whut!*
The son of a slut!
'E managed to miss by a 'air.
'Ow! Wot was it jabbed at me shoulder?
Gave it a dooce of a wrench.
Is it Eddy or me
Wot's a-bleedin' so free?
Crust! but it's long to the trench.
I ain't just as strong as a Sandow,
And Ed ain't a flapper by far;
I'm blamed if I understand 'ow
We've managed to get where we are.
But 'ere's for a bit of a breather.
"Steady there, Ed, 'arf a mo'.
Old pal, it's all right;
It's a 'ell of a fight,
But are we down-'earted? No-o-o."

THE ODYSSEY OF 'ERBERT 'IGGINS

Now war is a funny thing, ain't it?
It's the rummiest sort of a go.
For when it's most real,
It's then that you feel
You're a-watchin' a cinema show.
'Ere's me wot's a barber's assistant.
Hey, presto! It's somewheres in France,
And I'm 'ere in a pit
Where a coal-box 'as 'it,
And it's all like a giddy romance.
The ruddy quick-firers are spittin',
The 'eavies are bellowin' 'ate,
And 'ere I am cashooly sittin',
And 'oldin' the 'ead of me mate.
Them gharstly green star-shells is beamin',
'Ot shrapnel is poppin' like rain,
And I'm sayin': " Bert 'Iggins, you're dreamin',
And you'll wake up in 'Ampstead again.
You'll wake up and 'ear yourself sayin':
' Would you like, sir, to 'ave a shampoo?'
'Stead of sheddin' yer blood
In the rain and the mud,
Which is some'ow the right thing to do;
Which is some'ow yer 'oary-eyed dooty,
Wot you're doin' the best wot you can,
For 'Ampstead and 'ome and beauty,

THE ODYSSEY OF 'ERBERT 'IGGINS

And you've been and you've slaughtered a man.
A feller wot punctured your partner;
Oh, you 'ammered 'im 'ard on the 'ead,
And you still see 'is eyes
Starin' bang at the skies,
And you ain't even sorry 'e's dead.
But you wish you was back in your diggin's
Asleep on your mouldy old stor.
Oh, you're doin' yer bit, 'Erbert 'Iggins,
But you ain't just enjoyin' the war."

"'Ang on like a hoctopus, Eddy.
It's us for the bomb-belt again.
Except for the shrap
Which 'as 'it me a tap,
I'm feelin' as right as the rain.
It's my silly old feet wot are slippin',
It's as dark as a 'ogs'ead o' sin,
But don't be oneasy, my pippin,
I'm goin' to pilot you in.
It's my silly old 'ead wot is reelin'.
The bullets is buzzin' like bees.
Me shoulder's red-'ot,
And I'm bleedin' a lot,
And me legs is on'inged at the knees.
But we're staggerin' nearer and nearer.

THE ODYSSEY OF 'ERBERT 'IGGINS

Just stick it, old sport, play the game.
I make 'em out clearer and clearer,
Our trenches a-snappin' with flame.
Oh, we're stumblin' closer and closer.
'Ang on there, lad! Just one more try.
Did you say: Put you down? Damn it, no,
sir!

I'll carry you in if I die.
By cracky! old feller, they've seen us.
They're sendin' out stretchers for two.
Let's give 'em the hoorah between us
('Anged lucky we aren't booked through).
My flipper is mashed to a jelly.
A bullet 'as tickled your spleen.
We've shed lots of gore
And we're leakin' some more,
But — wot a hoccasion it's been!
Ho! 'Ere comes the rescuin' party.
They're crawlin' out cautious and slow.
Come! Buck up and greet 'em, my 'earty,
Shoulder to shoulder — so.
They mustn't think we was down-'earted.
Old pal, we was never down-'earted.
If they arsts us if we was down-'earted
We'll 'owl in their fyces: 'No-o-o!'

A SONG OF WINTER WEATHER

It isn't the foe that we fear;
It isn't the bullets that whine;
It isn't the business career
Of a shell, or the bust of a mine;
It isn't the snipers who seek
To nip our young hopes ~~in the bud~~:
No, it isn't the guns,
And it isn't the Huns —
It's the *mud*,
 mud,
 mud.

It isn't the *mêlée* we mind.
That often is rather good fun.
It isn't the shrapnel we find
Obtrusive when rained by the ton;
It isn't the bounce of the bombs
That gives us a positive pain:
It's the strafing we get
When the weather is wet —

A SONG OF WINTER WEATHER

It's the *rain*,
 rain,
 rain.

It isn't because we lack grit
We shrink from the horrors of war.
We don't mind the battle a bit;
In fact that is what we are for;
It isn't the rum-jars and things
Make us wish we were back in the fold:
It's the fingers that freeze
In the boreal breeze —
It's the *cold*,
 cold,
 cold.

Oh, the rain, the mud, and the cold,
The cold, the mud, and the rain;
With weather at zero it's hard for a hero
From language that's rude to refrain.
With porridgy muck to the knees,
With sky that's a-pouring a flood,
Sure the worst of our foes
Are the pains and the woes
Of the *rain*,
 the *cold*,
 and the *mud*.

TIPPERARY DAYS

Oh, weren't they the fine boys! You never
saw the beat of them,
Singing all together with their throats bronze-
bare;
Fighting-fit and mirth-mad, music in the feet of
them,
Swinging on to glory and the wrath out there.
Laughing by and chaffing by, frolic in the smiles
of them,
On the road, the white road, all the afternoon;
Strangers in a strange land, miles and miles and
miles of them,
Battle-bound and heart-high, and singing this
tune:

*It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
And the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Lester Square:*

TIPPERARY DAYS

*It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.*

“Come, Yvonne and Juliette! Come, Mimi,
and cheer for them!

Throw them flowers and kisses as they pass
you by.

Aren't they the lovely lads! Haven't you a
tear for them

Going out so gallantly to dare and die?

What is it they're singing so? Some high hymn
of Motherland?

Some immortal chanson of their Faith and
King?

Marseillaise or Brabançon, anthem of that
other land,

Dears, let us remember it, that song they
sing:

“C'est un chemin long 'to Tepararee,'

C'est un chemin long, c'est vrai;

C'est un chemin long 'to Tepararee,'

Et la belle fille qu'je connais.

Bonjour, Peekadeely!

Au revoir, Lestaire Squaire!

C'est un chemin long 'to Tepararee,'

Mais mon coeur 'ees zaire.'”

TIPPERARY DAYS

The gallant old "Contemptibles!" There
 isn't much remains of them,
So full of fun and fitness, and a-singing in their
 pride;
For some are cold as clabber and the corby picks
 the brains of them,
And some are back in Blighty, and a-wishing
 they had died.
And yet it seems but yesterday, that great, glad
 sight of them,
Swinging on to battle as the sky grew black and
 black;
But oh their glee and glory, and the great, grim
 fight of them! —
Just whistle Tipperary and it all comes back:

It's a long way to Tipperary
(Which means "'ome" anywhere);
It's a long way to Tipperary
(And the things wot make you care).
Good-bye, Piccadilly
('Ow I 'opes my folks is well);
It's a long, long way to Tipperary —
('R! Ain't War just 'ell?)

FLEURETTE

(*The Wounded Canadian Speaks*)

My leg? It's off at the knee.
Do I miss it? Well, some. You see
I've had it since I was born;
And lately a devilish corn.
(I rather chuckle with glee
To think how I've fooled that corn.)

But I'll hobble around all right.
It isn't that, it's my face.
Oh I know I'm a hideous sight,
Hardly a thing in place;
Sort of gargoyle, you'd say.
Nurse won't give me a glass,
But I see the folks as they pass
Shudder and turn away;
[Turn away in distress . . .
Mirror enough, I guess.

I'm gay! You bet I *am* gay;
But I wasn't a while ago.
If you'd seen me even to-day,
The darndest picture of woe,

FLEURETTE

With this Caliban mug of mine,
So ravaged and raw and red,
Turned to the wall — in fine,
Wishing that I was dead. . . .
What has happened since then,
Since I lay with my face to the wall,
The most despairing of men?
Listen! I'll tell you all.

That *poilu* across the way,
With the shrapnel wound in his head,
Has a sister: she came to-day
To sit awhile by his bed.
All morning I heard him fret:
“ Oh, when will she come, Fleurette? ”

Then sudden, a joyous cry;
The tripping of little feet;
The softest, tenderest sigh;
A voice so fresh and sweet;
Clear as a silver bell,
Fresh as the morning dews:
“ *C'est toi, c'est toi, Marcell!*
Mon frère, comme je suis heureuse! ”

So over the blanket's rim
I raised my terrible face,

FLEURETTE

And I saw — how I envied him!
A girl of such delicate grace;
Sixteen, all laughter and love;
As gay as a linnet, and yet
As tenderly sweet as a dove;
Half woman, half child — Fleurette.

Then I turned to the wall again.
(I was awfully blue, you see,)
And I thought with a bitter pain:
“Such visions are not for me.”
So there like a log I lay,
All hidden, I thought from view,
When sudden I heard her say:
“Ah! Who is that *malheureux?*”
Then briefly I heard him tell
(However he came to know)
How I'd smothered a bomb that fell
Into the trench, and so
None of my men were hit,
Though it busted me up a bit.

Well, I didn't quiver an eye,
And he chattered and there she sat;
And I fancied I heard her sigh —
But I wouldn't just swear to that.
And maybe she wasn't so bright,

FLEURETTE

Though she talked in a merry strain,
And I closed my eyes ever so tight,
Yet I saw her ever so plain:
Her dear little tilted nose,
Her delicate, dimpled chin,
Her mouth like a budding rose,
And the glistening pearls within;
Her eyes like the violet:
Such a rare little queen — Fleurette.

And at last when she rose to go,
The light was a little dim,
And I ventured to peep, and so
I saw her, graceful and slim,
And she kissed him and kissed him, and oh
How I envied and envied him!

So when she was gone I said
In rather a dreary voice
To him of the opposite bed:
“ Ah, friend, how you must rejoice!
But me, I'm a thing of dread.
For me nevermore the bliss,
The thrill of a woman's kiss.”

Then I stopped, for lo! she was there,
And a great light shone in her eyes.

FLEURETTE

And me! I could only stare,
I was taken so by surprise,
When gently she bent her head:
"May I kiss you, Sergeant?" she said.

Then she kissed my burning lips
With her mouth like a scented flower,
And I thrilled to the finger-tips,
And I hadn't even the power
To say: "God bless you, dear!"
And I felt such a precious tear
Fall on my withered cheek,
And darn it! I couldn't speak.

And so she went sadly away,
And I knew that my eyes were wet.
Ah, not to my dying day
Will I forget, forget!
Can you wonder now I am gay?
God bless her, that little Fleurette!

FUNK

When your marrer bone seems 'oller,
And you're glad you ain't no taller,
And you're all a-shakin' like you 'ad the chills;
When your skin creeps like a pullet's,
And you're duckin' all the bullets,
And you're green as gorgonzola round the gills;
When your legs seem made of jelly,
And you're squeamish in the belly,
And you want to turn about and do a bunk:
For Gawd's sake, kid, don't show it!
Don't let your mateys know it —
You're just sufferin' from funk, funk, funk.

Of course there's no denyin'
That it ain't so easy tryin'
To grin and grip your rifle by the butt,
When the 'ole world rips asunder,
And you sees yer pal go under,
As a bunch of shrapnel sprays 'im on the nut;

FUNK

I admit it's 'ard contrivin'
When you 'ears the shells arrivin',
To discover you're a bloomin' bit o' spunk;
But, my lad, you've got to do it,
And your God will see you through it,
For wot 'E 'ates is funk, funk, funk.

So stand up, son; look gritty,
And just 'um a lively ditty,
And only be afraid to be afraid;
Just 'old yer rifle steady,
And 'ave yer bay'nit ready,
For that's the way good soldier-men is made.
And if you 'as to die,
As it sometimes 'appens, why,
Far better die a 'ero than a skunk;
A-doin' of yer bit,
And so — to 'ell with it,
There ain't no bloomin' funk, funk, funk.

OUR HERO

“Flowers, only flowers — bring me dainty
posies,
Blossoms for forgetfulness,” that was all he
said;

So we sacked our gardens, violets and roses,
Lilies white and bluebells laid we on his bed.
Soft his pale hands touched them, tenderly
caressing;

Soft into his tired eyes came a little light;
Such a wistful love-look, gentle as a blessing;
There amid the flowers waited he the night.

“I would have you raise me; I can see the West
then:

I would see the sun set once before I go.”
So he lay a-gazing, seemed to be at rest then,
Quiet as a spirit in the golden glow.
So he lay a-watching rosy castles crumbling,
Moats of blinding amber, bastions of flame,
Rugged rifts of opal, crimson turrets tumbling;
So he lay a-dreaming till the shadows came.

OUR HERO

“Open wide the window; there’s a lark a-singing;

There’s a glad lark singing in the evening sky.
How it’s wild with rapture, radiantly winging:
Oh it’s good to hear that when one has to die.
I am horror-haunted from the hell they found
me;

I am battle-broken, all I want is rest.
Ah! It’s good to die so, blossoms all around
me,
And a kind lark singing in the golden West.

“Flowers, song and sunshine, just one thing is
wanting,

Just the happy laughter of a little child.”
So we brought our dearest, Doris all-en-
chanting;

Tenderly he kissed her; radiant he smiled.

“In the golden peace-time you will tell the
story

How for you and yours, sweet, bitter deaths
were ours. . . .

God bless little children!” So he passed to
glory,

So we left him sleeping, still amid the flow’rs.

MY MATE

I've been sittin' starin', starin' at 'is muddy pair
of boots,
And tryin' to convince meself it's 'im.
(Look out there, lad! That sniper — 'e's a
dysey when 'e shoots;
'E'll be layin' of you out the same as Jim.)
Jim as lies there in the dug-out wiv 'is blanket
round 'is 'ead,
To keep 'is brains from mixin' wiv the mud;
And 'is face as white as putty, and . 'is over-
coat all red,
Like 'e's spilt a bloomin' paint-pot — but it's
blood.

And I'm tryin' to remember of a time we wasn't
pals.
'Ow often we've played 'ookey, 'im and me;
And sometimes it was music-'alls, and some-
times it was gals,

MY MATE

And even there we 'ad no disagree.
For when 'e copped Mariar Jones, the one I
liked the best,
I shook 'is 'and and loaned 'im 'arf a quid;
I saw 'im through the parson's job, I 'elped 'im
make 'is nest,
I even stood god-farther to the kid.

So when the war broke out, sez 'e: "Well,
wot abaht it, Joe?"
"Well, wot abaht it, lad?" sez I to 'im.
'Is missis made a awful fuss, but 'e was mad
to go,
('E always was 'igh-sperrited was Jim).
Well, none of it's been 'eaven, and the most
of it's been 'ell,
But we've shared our baccy, and we've 'alved
our bread.
We'd all the luck at Wipers, and we shaved
through Noove Chapelle,
And . . . that snipin' barstard gits 'im on the
'ead.

MY MATE

Now wot I wants to know is, why it wasn't
me was took?

I've only got meself, 'e stands for three.

I'm plainer than a louse, while 'e was 'andsome
as a dook;

'E always *was* a better man than me.

'E was goin' 'ome next Toosday; 'e was 'appy
as a lark,

And 'e'd just received a letter from 'is kid;

And 'e struck a match to show me, as we stood
there in the dark,

When . . . that bleedin' bullet got 'im on the
lid.

'E was killed so awful sudden that 'e 'adn't
time to die.

'E sorto jumped, and came down wiv a thud.
Them corpsy-lookin' star-shells kept a-streamin'
in the sky,

And there 'e lay like nothin' in the mud.

And there 'e lay so quiet wiv no mansard to 'is
'ead,

And I'm sick, and blamed if I can understand:
The pots of 'alf and 'alf we've 'ad, and *zip!*
like that —'e's dead,

Wiv the letter of 'is nipper in 'is 'and:

MY MATE

There's some as fights for freedom and there's
 some as fights for fun,
But me, my lad, I fights for bleedin' 'ate.
You can blame the war and blast it, but I 'opes
 it won't be done
Till I gets the bloomin' blood-price for me
 mate.
It'll take a bit o' bayonet to level up for Jim;
Then if I'm spared I think I'll 'ave a bid,
Wiv 'er that was Mariar Jones to take the
 place of 'im,
To sorter be a farther to 'is kid.

MILKING TIME

There's a drip of honeysuckle in the deep green
lane;
There's old Martin jogging homeward on his
worn old wain;
There are cherry petals falling, and a cuckoo
calling, calling,
And a score of larks (God bless 'em) . . .
but it's all pain, pain.
For you see I am not really there at all, not
at all;
For you see I'm in the trenches where the
crump-crumps fall;
And the bits o' shells are screaming and it's
only blessed dreaming
That in fancy I am seeming back in old Saint
Pol.

Oh I've thought of it so often since I've come
down here;
And I never dreamt that any place could be
so dear;

MILKING TIME

The silvered whinstone houses, and the rosy
men in blouses,
And the kindly, white-capped women with their
eyes spring-clear.
And mother's sitting knitting where her roses
climb,
And the angelus is calling with a soft, soft
chime,
And the sea-wind comes caressing, and the
light's a golden blessing,
And Yvonne, Yvonne is guessing that it's milk-
ing time.

Oh it's Sunday, for she's wearing of her broid-
ered gown;
And she draws the pasture pickets and the cows
come down;
And their feet are powdered yellow, and their
voices honey-mellow,
And they bring a scent of clover, and their eyes
are brown.
And Yvonne is dreaming after, but her eyes are
blue;
And her lips are made for laughter, and her
white teeth too;

MILKING TIME

And her mouth is like a cherry, and a dimple
mocking merry
Is lurking in the very cheek she turns to you.

So I walk beside her kindly, and she laughs at
me;
And I heap her arms with lilac from the lilac
tree;
And a golden light is welling, and a golden
peace is dwelling,
And a thousand birds are telling how it's good
to be.
And what are pouting lips for if they can't be
kissed?
And I've filled her arms with blossom so she
can't resist;
And the cows are sadly straying, and her mother
must be saying
That Yvonne is long delaying . . . *God!*
How close that missed!

A nice polite reminder that the Boche are nigh;
That we're here to fight like devils, and if
need-be die;

MILKING TIME

That from kissing pretty wenches to the frantic firing-benches

Of the battered, tattered trenches is a far, far cry.

Yet still I'm sitting dreaming in the glare and grime;

And once again I'm hearing of them church-bells chime;

And how I wonder whether in the golden summer weather

We will fetch the cows together when it's milking time. . . .

(English voice, months later) : —

"Ow Bill! A rottin' Frenchy. Whew! 'E ain't 'arf prime."

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD

“ Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May? ”

“ I’m going to join the Colours, Dad;
They’re looking for men, they say.”

“ But you’re only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren’t obliged to go.”

“ I’m seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know.”

“ So you’re off to France, Young Fellow My
Lad,

And you’re looking so fit and bright.”

“ I’m terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,
But I feel that I’m doing right.”

“ God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow
My Lad,

You’re all of my life, you know.”

“ Don’t worry. I’ll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I’m awfully proud to go.”

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD

“ Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away.
And I've had the fire in the parlour lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night.”

.

“ What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad?
No letter again to-day.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But oh I'm afraid, afraid.”

.

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD

‘ They’ve told me the truth, Young Fellow My
Lad:

You’ll never come back again:

*(Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I’ve had,
And the hopes I’ve nursed in vain!)*

For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My
Lad,

And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best.

“ So you’ll live, you’ll live, Young Fellow My
Lad,

In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the
child,

In all sweet things that are.

And you’ll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;

For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you.”

A SONG OF THE SANDBAGS

No, Bill, I'm not a-spooning out no patriotic
tosh

(The cove be'ind the sandbags ain't a death-or-
glory cuss).

And though I strafes 'em good and 'ard I doesn't
'ate the Boche,

I guess they're mostly decent, just the same as
most of us.

I guess they loves their 'omes and kids as much
as you or me;

And just the same as you or me they'd rather
shake than fight;

And if we'd 'appened to be born at Berlin-on-
the-Spree,

We'd be out there with 'Ans and Fritz, dead
sure that we was right.

A-standin' up to the sandbags

It's funny the thoughts wot come;

Starin' into the darkness,

A SONG OF THE SANDBAGS

'Earin' the bullets 'um;
(Zing! Zip! Ping! Rip!
'Ark 'ow the bullets 'um!)
A-leanin' against the sandbags
Wiv me rifle under me ear,
Oh, I've 'ad more thoughts on a sentry-go
Than I used to 'ave in a year.

I wonder, Bill, if 'Ans and Fritz is wonderin'
like me
Wot's at the bottom of it all? Wot all the
slaughter's for?
'E thinks 'e's right (of course 'e ain't) but this
we both agree,
If them as made it 'ad to fight, there wouldn't be
no war.
If them as lies in feather beds while we kips in
the mud;
If them as makes their fortoons while we fights
for 'em like 'ell;
If them as slings their pot of ink just 'ad to sling
their blood:
By Crust! I'm thinkin' there 'ud be another
tale to tell.

Shiverin' up to the sandbags,
With a hicle 'stead of a spine,

A SONG OF THE SANDBAGS

Don't it seem funny the things you think
'Ere in the firin' line:

(Whee! Whut! Ziz! Zut!

Lord! 'Ow the bullets whine!)

Hunkerin' down when a star-shell
Cracks in a sputter of light,
You can jaw to yer soul by the sandbags
Most any old time o' night.

They talks o' England's glory and a-'oldin' of
our trade,

Of Empire and 'igh destiny until we're fair flim-
flammed;

But if it's for the likes o' that that bloody war
is made,

Then wot I say is: Empire and 'igh destiny be
damned!

There's only one good cause, Bill, for poor
blokes like us to fight:

That's self-defence, for 'earth and 'ome, and
them that bears our name;

And that's wot I'm a-doin' by the sandbags 'ere
to-night. . . .

But Fritz out there will tell you 'e's a-doin' of
the same.

A SONG OF THE SANDBAGS

Starin' over the sandbags,
Sick of the 'ole damn thing;
Firin' to keep meself awake,
'Earin' the bullets sing.
(Hiss! Twang! Tsing! Pang!
Saucy the bullets sing.)
Dreamin' 'ere by the sandbags
Of a day when war will cease,
When 'Ans and Fritz and Bill and me
Will clink our mugs in fraternity,
And the Brotherhood of Labour will be
The Brotherhood o' Peace.

ON THE WIRE

O God, take the sun from the sky!
It's burning me, scorching me up.
God, can't You hear my cry?
Water! A poor, little cup!
It's laughing, the cursed sun!
See how it swells and swells
Fierce as a hundred hells!
God, will it never have done?
It's searing the flesh on my bones;
It's beating with hammers red
My eyeballs into my head;
It's parching my very moans.
See! It's the size of the sky,
And the sky is a torrent of fire,
Foaming on me as I lie
Here on the wire . . . the wire. . . .

Of the thousands that wheeze and hum
Hedlessly over my head,
Why can't a bullet come,
Pierce to my brain instead,

ON THE WIRE

Blacken forever my brain,
Finish forever my pain?
Here in the hellish glare
Why must I suffer so?
Is it God doesn't care?
Is it God doesn't know?
Oh, to be killed outright,
Clean in the clash of the fight!
That is a golden death,
That is a boon; but this . . .
Drawing an anguished breath
Under a hot abyss,
Under a stooping sky
Of seething, sulphurous fire,
Scorching me up as I lie
Here on the wire . . . the wire. . . .

Hasten, O God, Thy night!
Hide from my eyes the sight
Of the body I stare and see
Shattered so hideously.
I can't believe that it's mine.
My body was white and sweet,
Flawless and fair and fine,
Shapely from head to feet;
Oh no, I can never be

ON THE WIRE

The thing of horror I see
Under the rifle fire,
Trussed on the wire . . . the wire. . . .

Of night and of death I dream;
Night that will bring me peace,
Coolness and starry gleam,
Stillness and death's release:
Ages and ages have passed,—
Lo! it is night at last.
Night! but the guns roar out.
Night! but the hosts attack.
Red and yellow and black
Geysers of doom upspout.
Silver and green and red
Star-shells hover and spread.
Yonder off to the right
Fiercely kindles the fight;
Roaring near and more near,
Thundering now in my ear;
Close to me, close . . . Oh, hark!
Someone moans in the dark.
I hear, but I cannot see,
I hear as the rest retire,
Someone is caught like me,
Caught on the wire . . . the wire. . . .

ON THE WIRE

Again the shuddering dawn,
Weird and wicked and wan;
Again, and I've not yet gone.
The man whom I heard is dead.
Now I can understand:
A bullet hole in his head,
A pistol gripped in his hand.
Well, he knew what to do,—
Yes, and now I know too. . . .

Hark the resentful guns!
Oh, how thankful am I
To think my beloved ones
Will never know how I die!
I've suffered more than my share;
I'm shattered beyond repair;
I've fought like a man the fight,
And now I demand the right
(God! how his fingers cling!)
To do without shame this thing.
Good! there's a bullet still;
Now I'm ready to fire;
Blame me, God, if You will,
Here on the wire . . . the wire. . . .

BILL'S GRAVE

I'm gatherin' flowers by the wayside to lay on
the grave of Bill;
I've sneaked away from the billet, 'cause Jim
wouldn't understand;
'E'd call me a silly fat'ead, and larf till it made
'im ill,
To see me 'ere in the cornfield, wiv a big bookay
in me 'and.

For Jim and me we are rough uns, but Bill was
one o' the best;
We 'listed and learned together to larf at the
wust wot comes;
Then Bill copped a packet proper, and took 'is
departure West,
So sudden 'e 'adn't a minit to say good-bye to
'is chums.

BILL'S GRAVE

And they took me to where 'e was planted, a
sort of a measly mound,
And, thinks I, 'ow Bill would be tickled, bein' so
soft and queer,
If I gathered a bunch o' them wild-flowers, and
sort of arranged them round
Like a kind of a bloody headpiece . . . and
that's the reason I'm 'ere.

But not for the love of glory I wouldn't 'ave Jim
to know.
'E'd call me a slobberin' Cissy, and larf till 'is
sides was sore;
I'd 'ave larfed at meself too, it isn't so long
ago;
But some'ow it changes a feller, 'avin' a taste o'
war.

It 'elps a man to be 'elpful, to know wot 'is pals
is worth
(Them golden poppies is blazin' like lamps some
fairy 'as lit);
I'm fond o' them big white dysies. . . . Now
Jim's o' the salt o' the earth;
But 'e 'as got a tongue wot's a terror, and 'e
ain't sentimental a bit.

BILL'S GRAVE

I likes them blue chaps wot's 'idin' so shylike
among the corn.

Won't Bill be glad! We was allus thicker 'n
thieves, us three.

Why! 'Oo's that singin' so 'earty? *Jim!* And
as sure as I'm born

'E's there in the gidddy cornfields, a-gatherin'
flowers like me.

Quick! Drop me posy be'ind me. I watches
'im for a while,

Then I says: "Wot 'o, there, Chummy! Wot
price the little bookay?"

And 'e starts like a bloke wot's guilty, and 'e
says with a sheepish smile:

"She's a bit of orl right, the widder wot keeps
the estaminay."

So 'e goes away in a 'urry, and I wishes 'im
best o' luck,

And I picks up me bunch o' wild-flowers, and the
light's gettin' sorto dim,

BILL'S GRAVE

When I makes me way to the boneyard, and
 . . . I stares like a man wot's stuck,
For wot do I see? *Bill's grave-mound strewn
 with the flowers of Jim.*

Of course I won't never tell 'im, bein' a tactical
 lad;
And Jim parley-voos to the widder: "Trez
 beans, lamoor; compree?"
Oh, 'e'd die of shame if 'e knew I knew; but say!
 won't Bill be glad
When 'e stares through the bleedin' clods and
 sees the blossoms of Jim and me?

JEAN DESPREZ

Oh ye whose hearts are resonant, and ring to
War's romance,
Hear ye the story of a boy, a peasant boy of
France;
A lad uncouth and warped with toil, yet who,
when trial came,
Could feel within his soul upleap and soar the
sacred flame;
Could stand upright, and scorn and smite, as
only heroes may:
Oh, harken! Let me try to tell the tale of Jean
Desprez.

With fire and sword the Teuton horde was
ravaging the land,
And there was darkness and despair, grim death
on every hand;
Red fields of slaughter sloping down to ruin's
black abyss;

JEAN DESPREZ

The wolves of war ran evil-fanged, and little did
they miss.
And on they came with fear and flame, to burn
and loot and slay,
Until they reached the red-roofed croft, the
home of Jean Desprez.

“Rout out the village, one and all!” the Uhlan
Captain said.
“Behold! Some hand has fired a shot. My
trumpeter is dead.
Now shall they Prussian vengeance know; now
shall they rue the day,
For by this sacred German slain, ten of these
dogs shall pay.”
They drove the cowering peasants forth, women
and babes and men,
And from the last, with many a jeer, the Cap-
tain chose he ten;
Ten simple peasants, bowed with toil; they
stood, they knew not why,
Against the grey wall of the church, hearing
their children cry;

JEAN DESPREZ

“Water! One little drop, I beg! For love of
Christ who died. . . .”

It was the little Jean Desprez who turned and
stole aside;

It was the little bare-foot boy who came with
cup abrim

And walked up to the dying man, and gave the
drink to him.

A roar of rage! They seize the boy; they tear
him fast away.

The Prussian Major swings around; no longer
is he gay.

His teeth are wolfishly agleam; his face all dark
with spite:

“Go, shoot the brat,” he snarls, “that dare
defy our Prussian might.

Yet stay! I have another thought. I’ll kindly
be, and spare;

Quick! give the lad a rifle charged, and set him
squarely there,

And bid him shoot, and shoot to kill. Haste!
Make him understand

The dying dog he fain would save shall perish
by his hand.

JEAN DESPREZ

And all his kindred they shall see, and all shall
curse his name,
Who bought his life at such a cost, the price of
death and shame."

They brought the boy, wild-eyed with fear; they
made him understand;

They stood him by the dying man, a rifle in his
hand.

"Make haste!" said they; "the time is short,
and you must kill or die."

The Major puffed his cigarette, amusement in
his eye.

And then the dying Zouave heard, and raised his
weary head:

"Shoot, son, 'twill be the best for both; shoot
swift and straight," he said.

"Fire first and last, and do not flinch; for lost
to hope am I;

And I will murmur: *Vive La France!* and
bless you ere I die."

Half-blind with blows the boy stood there; he
seemed to swoon and sway;

JEAN DESPREZ

Then in that moment woke the soul of little Jean
Desprez.

He saw the woods go sheening down; the larks
were singing clear;

And oh! the scents and sounds of spring, how
sweet they were! how dear!

He felt the scent of new-mown hay, a soft breeze
fanned his brow;

O God! the paths of peace and toil! How
precious were they now!

The summer days and summer ways, how bright
with hope and bliss!

The autumn such a dream of gold . . . and all
must end in this:

This shining rifle in his hand, that shambles all
around;

The Zouave there with dying glare; the blood
upon the ground;

The brutal faces round him ringed, the evil eyes
aflake;

That Prussian bully standing by, as if he watched
a game.

“Make haste and shoot,” the Major sneered;
“a minute more I give;

A minute more to kill your friend, if you your-
self would live.”

JEAN DESPREZ

They only saw a bare-foot boy, with blanched
and twitching face;

They did not see within his eyes the glory of his
race;

The glory of a million men who for fair France
have died,

The splendour of self-sacrifice that will not be
denied.

Yet . . . he was but a peasant lad, and oh! but
life was sweet. . . .

“Your minute’s nearly gone, my lad,” he heard
a voice repeat.

“Shoot! Shoot!” the dying Zouave moaned;

“Shoot! Shoot!” the soldiers said.

Then Jean Desprez reached out and shot . . .
the Prussian Major dead!

GOING HOME

I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty — ain't I glad to 'ave
the chance!
I'm loaded up wiv fightin', and I've 'ad my fill
o' France;
I'm feelin' so excited-like, I want to sing and
dance,
For I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty in the mawnin'.
I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty: can you wonder as
I'm gay?
I've got a wound I wouldn't sell for 'alf a year
o' pay;
A harm that's mashed to jelly in the nicest sort
o' way,
For it takes me 'ome to Blighty in the mawnin'.
'Ow everlastin' keen I was on gettin' to the
front!
I'd ginger for a dozen, and I 'elped to bear the
brunt;
But Cheese and Crust! I'm crazy, now I've
done me little stunt,
To sniff the air of Blighty in the mawnin'.

GOING HOME

I've looked upon the wine that's white, and on
the wine that's red;

I've looked on cider flowin', till it fairly turned
me 'ead;

But oh, the finest scoff will be, when all is done
and said,

A pint o' Bass in Blighty in the mawnin'.

I'm goin' back to Blighty, which I left to strafe
the 'Un;

I've fought in bloody battles, and I've 'ad a 'eap
of fun;

But now me flipper's busted, and I think me
dooty's done,

And I'll kiss me gel in Blighty in the mawnin'.

Oh, there be furrin' lands to see, and some of 'em
be fine;

And there be furrin' gels to kiss, and scented
furrin' wine;

But there's no land like England, and no other
gel like mine:

Thank Gawd for dear old Blighty in the
mawnin'.

COCOTTE

When a girl's sixteen, and as poor as she's pretty,
And she hasn't a friend and she hasn't a home,
Heigh-ho! She's as safe in Paris city
As a lamb night-strayed where the wild wolves
 roam;

And that was I; oh, it's seven years now
(Some water's run down the Seine since then),
And I've almost forgotten the pangs and the
 tears now,
And I've almost taken the measure of men.

Oh, I found me a lover who loved me only,
Artist and poet, and almost a boy.
And my heart was bruised, and my life was
 lonely,

And him I adored with a wonderful joy.
If he'd come to me with his pockets empty,
How we'd have laughed in a garret gay!
But he was rich, and in radiant plenty
We lived in a villa at Viroflay.
Then came the War, and of bliss bereft me;
Then came the call, and he went away;

COCOTTE

All that he had in the world he left me,
With the rose-wreathed villa at Viroflay.
Then came the news and the tragic story:
My hero, my splendid lover was dead,
Sword in hand on the field of glory,
And he died with my name on his lips, they said.

So here am I in my widow's mourning,
The weeds I've really no right to wear;
And women fix me with eyes of scorning,
Call me "cocotte," but I do not care.
And men look at me with eyes that borrow
The brightness of love, but I turn away;
Alone, say I, I will live with Sorrow,
In my little villa at Viroflay.

And lo! I'm living alone with *Pity*,
And they say that pity from love's not far;
Let me tell you all: last week in the city
I took the metro at Saint Lazare;
And the carriage was crowded to overflowing,
And when there entered at Chateaudun
Two wounded *poilus* with medals showing,
I eagerly gave my seat to one.

You should have seen them: they'd slipped
death's clutches,

COCOTTE

But sadder a sight you will rarely find;
One had a leg off and walked on crutches,
The other, a bit of a boy, was blind.
And they both sat down, and the lad was trying
To grope his way as a blind man tries;
And half of the women around were crying,
And some of the men had tears in their eyes.

How he stirred me, this blind boy, clinging
Just like a child to his crippled chum.
But I did not cry. Oh no; a singing
Came to my heart for a year so dumb,
Then I knew that at three-and-twenty
There is wonderful work to be done,
Comfort and kindness and joy in plenty,
Peace and light and love to be won.

Oh, thought I, could mine eyes be given
To one who will live in the dark away!
To love and to serve—'twould make life
Heaven

Here in my villa at Viroflay.
So I left my *poilus*: and now you wonder
Why to-day I am so elate. . . .
Look! In the glory of sunshine yonder
They're bringing my blind boy in at the gate.

MY BAY'NIT

When first I left Blighty they gave me a bay'nit
And told me it 'ad to be smothered wiv gore;
But blimey! I 'aven't been able to stain it,
So far as I've gone wiv the vintage of war.
For ain't it a fraud! when a Boche and yours
truly
Gits into a mix in the grit and the grime,
'E jerks up 'is 'ands wiv a yell and 'e's duly
Part of me outfit every time.

Left, right, Hans and Fritz!
Goose step, keep up yer mits!
Oh my, Ain't it a shyme!
Part of me outfit every time.

At toasting a biscuit me bay'nit's a dandy;
I've used it to open a bully beef can;
For pokin' the fire it comes in werry 'andy;
For any old thing but for stickin' a man.
'Ow often I've said: "'Ere, I'm goin' to
press you

MY BAY'NIT

Into a 'Un till you're seasoned for prime,"
And fiercely I rushes to do it, but bless you!
Part of me outfit every time.

Lor, yus; *don't* they look glad?
Right O! 'Owl Kamerad!
Oh my, always the syme!
Part of me outfit every time.

I'm 'untin' for someone to christen me bay'nit,
Some nice juicy Chewton wot's fightin' in France;
I'm fairly down-'earted —'ow *can* yer explain
it?

I keeps gettin' prisoners every chance.
As soon as they sees me they ups and surrenders,
Extended like monkeys wot's tryin' to climb;
And I uses me bay'nit — to slit their sus-
penders —

Part of me outfit every time.

Four 'Uns; lor, wot a bag!
'Ere, Fritz, sample a fag!
Oh my, ain't it a gyme!
Part of me outfit every time.

CARRY ON!

It's easy to fight when everything's right,
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
And wallow in fields that are gory.
It's a different song when everything's wrong,
When you're feeling infernally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is
 none,
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:

 Carry on! Carry on!
 There isn't much punch in your blow.
You're glaring and staring and hitting out blind;
You're muddy and bloody, but never you mind.
 Carry on! Carry on!
 You haven't the ghost of a show.
It's looking like death, but while you've a breath,
 Carry on, my son! Carry on!

CARRY ON!

'And so in the strife of the battle of life
It's easy to fight when you're winning;
It's easy to slave, and starve and be brave,
When the dawn of success is beginning.
But the man who can meet despair and defeat
With a cheer, there's the man of God's choos-
ing;
The man who can fight to Heaven's own height
Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

Carry on! Carry on!
Things never were looming so black.
But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,
And though you're unlucky you never are weak.
Carry on! Carry on!
Brace up for another attack.
It's looking like hell, but — you never can tell:
Carry on, old man! Carry on!

There are some who drift out in the deserts of
doubt,
And some who in brutishness wallow;
There are others, I know, who in piety go
Because of a Heaven to follow.
But to labour with zest, and to give of your best,

CARRY ON!

For the sweetness and joy of the giving;
To help folks along with a hand and a song;
Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you
are here.

Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

OVER THE PARAPET

All day long when the shells sail over
I stand at the sandbags and take my chance;
But at night, at night I'm a reckless rover,
And over the parapet gleams Romance.
Romance! Romance! How I've dreamed it,
writing

Dreary old records of money and mart,
Me with my head chuckful of fighting
And the blood of vikings to thrill my heart.

But little I thought that my time was coming,
Sudden and splendid, supreme and soon;
And here I am with the bullets humming
As I crawl and I curse the light of the moon.
Out alone, for adventure thirsting,
Out in mysterious No Man's Land;
Prone with the dead when a star-shell, bursting,
Flares on the horrors on every hand.
There are ruby stars and they drip and wiggle;
And the grasses gleam in a light blood-red;
There are emerald stars, and their tails they
wriggle,

OVER THE PARAPET

And ghastly they glare on the face of the dead.
But the worst of all are the stars of whiteness,
That spill in a pool of pearly flame,
Pretty as gems in their silver brightness,
And etching a man for a bullet's aim.

Yet oh, it's great to be here with danger,
Here in the weird, death-pregnant dark,
In the devil's pasture a stealthy ranger,
When the moon is decently hiding. Hark!
What was that? Was it just the shiver
Of an eerie wind or a clammy hand?
The rustle of grass, or the passing quiver
Of one of the ghosts of No Man's Land?

It's only at night when the ghosts awaken,
And gibber and whisper horrible things;
For to every foot of this God-forsaken
Zone of jeopard some horror clings.
Ugh! What was that? It felt like a jelly,
That flattish mound in the noisome grass;
You three big rats running free of its belly,
Out of my way and let me pass!

But if there's horror, there's beauty, wonder;
The trench lights gleam and the rockets play.

OVER THE PARAPET

That flood of magnificent orange yonder
Is a battery blazing miles away.
With a rush and a singing a great shell passes;
The rifles resentfully bicker and brawl,
And here I crouch in the dew-drenched grasses,
And look and listen and love it all.

God! What a life! But I must make haste
now,

Before the shadow of night be spent.
It's little the time there is to waste now,
If I'd do the job for which I was sent.
My bombs are right and my clippers ready,
And I wriggle out to the chosen place,
When I hear a rustle . . . Steady! . . .
Steady!

Who am I staring slap in the face?

There in the dark I can hear him breathing,
A foot away, and as still as death;
And my heart beats hard, and my brain is seeth-
ing,
And I know he's a Hun by the smell of his breath.
Then: "Will you surrender?" I whisper
hoarsely,
For it's death, swift death to utter a cry.

OVER THE PARAPET

“English schwein-hund!” he murmurs
coarsely.

“Then we’ll fight it out in the dark,” say I.

So we grip and we slip and we trip and wrestle
There in the gutter of No Man’s Land;
And I feel my nails in his wind-pipe nestle,
And he tries to gouge, but I bite his hand.
And he tries to squeal, but I squeeze him tighter:
“Now,” I say, “I can kill you fine;
But tell me first, you Teutonic blighter!
Have you any children?” He answers:
“Nein.”

Nine! Well, I cannot kill such a father,
So I tie his hands and I leave him there.
Do I finish my little job? Well, rather;
And I get home safe with some light to spare.
Heigh-ho! by day it’s just prosy duty,
Doing the same old song and dance;
But oh! with the night — joy, glory, beauty:
Over the parapet — Life, Romance!

THE BALLAD OF SOULFUL SAM

You want me to tell you a story, a yarn of the
frin' line,
Of our thin red kharki 'eroes, out there where
the bullets whine;
Out there where the bombs are bustin', and the
cannons like 'ell-doors slam —
Just order another drink, boys, and I'll tell you
of Soulful Sam.

Oh, Sam, he was never 'ilarious, though I've 'ad
some mates as was wus;
He 'adn't C. B. on his programme, he never was
known to cuss.
For a card or a skirt or a beer-mug he 'adn't a
friendly word;
But when it came down to Scriptures, say!
Wasn't he just a bird!

He always 'ad tracts in his pocket, the which he
would haste to present,
And though the fellers would use them in ways
that they never was meant,

THE BALLAD OF SOULFUL SAM

I used to read 'em religious, and frequent I've
been impressed
By some of them bundles of 'oly dope he carried
around in his vest.

For I — and oh, 'ow I shudder at the 'orror the
word conveys!
'Ave been — let me whisper it 'oarsely — a gam-
bler 'alf of me days;
A gambler, you 'ear — a gambler. It makes
me wishful to weep,
And yet 'ow it's true, my brethren! — I'd
rather gamble than sleep.

I've gambled the 'ole world over, from Monte
Carlo to Maine;
From Dawson City to Dover, from San Fran-
cisco to Spain.
Cards! They 'ave been me ruin. They've
taken me pride and me pelf,
And when I'd no one to play with — why, I'd
go and I'd play by meself.

And Sam 'e would sit and watch me, as I shuf-
fled a greasy deck,
And 'e'd say: “You're bound to Perdition,”
And I'd answer: “Git off me neck!”

THE BALLAD OF SOULFUL SAM

And that's 'ow we came to get friendly, though
built on a different plan,
Me wot's a desprite gambler, 'im sich a good
young man.

But on to me tale. Just imagine . . . Dark-
ness! The battle-front!
The furious 'Uns attackin'! Us ones a-bearin'
the brunt!
Me crouchin' be'ind a sandbag, tryin' 'ard to keep
calm,
When I 'ears someone singin' a 'ymn toon;
be'old! it is Soulful Sam.

Yes; right in the crash of the combat, in the
fury of flash and flame,
'E was shootin' and singin' serenely as if 'e en-
joyed the same.
And there in the 'eat of the battle, as the 'ordes
of demons attacked,
He dipped down into 'is tunic, and 'e 'anded me
out a tract.

Then a star-shell flared, and I read it: Oh,
Flee From the Wrath to Come!
Nice cheerful subject, I tell yer, when you're
'earin' the bullets 'um.

THE BALLAD OF SOULFUL SAM

And before I 'ad time to thank 'im, just one of
them bits of lead
Comes slingin' along in a 'urry, and it 'its my
partner. . . . Dead?

No, siree! not by a long sight! For it plugged
'im 'ard on the chest,
Just where 'e'd tracts for a army corps stowed
away in 'is vest.
On its mission of death that bullet 'ustled
along, and it caved
A 'ole in them tracts to 'is 'ide, boys — but the
life o' me pal was saved.

And there as 'e showed me in triumph, and
'orror was chokin' me breath,
On came another bullet on its 'orrible mission of
death;
On through the night it cavorted, seekin' its
'aven of rest,
And it zipped through a crack in the sandbags,
and it wolloped me bang on the breast.

Was I killed, do you ask? Oh no, boys. Why
am I sittin' 'ere

THE BALLAD OF SOULFUL SAM

Gazin' with mournful vision at a mug long
empty of beer?

With a throat as dry as a — oh, thanky! I
don't much mind if I do.

Beer with a dash of 'ollands, that's my particular
brew.

Yes, that was a terrible moment. It 'ammered
me 'ard o'er the 'eart;

It bowled me down like a nine-pin, and I looked
for the gore to start;

And I saw in the flash of a moment, in that
thunder of hate and strife,

Me wretched past like a pitchur — the sins of a
gambler's life.

For I 'ad no tracts to save me, to thwart that mad
missile's doom;

I 'ad no pious pamphlets to 'elp me to cheat the
tomb;

I 'ad no 'oly leaflets to baffle a bullet's aim;

I'd only — a deck of cards, boys, but . . . *it
seemed to do just the same.*

ONLY A BOCHE

We brought him in from between the lines: we'd
better have let him lie;
For what's the use of risking one's skin for a
tyke that's going to die?
What's the use of tearing him loose under a
gruelling fire,
When he's shot in the head, and worse than
dead, and all messed up on the wire?

However, I say, we brought him in. *Diab'le!*
The mud was bad;
The trench was crooked and greasy and high,
and oh, what a time we had!
And often we slipped, and often we tripped, but
never he made a moan;
And how we were wet with blood and with
sweat! but we carried him in like our own.

ONLY A BOCHE

Now there he lies in the dug-out dim, awaiting
the ambulance,
And the doctor shrugs his shoulders at him, and
remarks, "He hasn't a chance."
And we squat and smoke at our game of bridge
on the glistening, straw-packed floor,
And above our oaths we can hear his breath deep-
drawn in a kind of snore.

For the dressing station is long and low, and
the candles gutter dim,
And the mean light falls on the cold clay walls
and our faces bristly and grim;
And we flap our cards on the lousy straw, and we
laugh and jibe as we play,
And you'd never know that the cursed foe was
less than a mile away.
As we con our cards in the rancid gloom, op-
pressed by that snoring breath,
You'd never dream that our broad roof-beam
was swept by the broom of death.

Heigh-ho! My turn for the dummy hand; I
rise and I stretch a bit;
The fetid air is making me yawn, and my ciga-
rette's unlit,

ONLY A BOCHE

So I go to the nearest candle flame, and the man
we brought is there,
And his face is white in the shabby light, and I
stand at his feet and stare.
Stand for awhile, and quietly stare: for strange
though it seems to be,
The dying Boche on the stretcher there has a
queer resemblance to me.

It gives one a kind of a turn, you know, to come
on a thing like that.
It's just as if I were lying there, with a turban
of blood for a hat,
Lying there in a coat grey-green instead of a
coat grey-blue,
With one of my eyes all shot away, and my brain
half tumbling through;
Lying there with a chest that heaves like a bel-
lows up and down,
And a cheek as white as snow on a grave, and
lips that are coffee brown.

And confound him, too! He wears, like me, on
his finger a wedding ring,
And around his neck, as around my own, by a
greasy bit of string,

ONLY A BOCHE

A locket hangs with a woman's face, and I turn
it about to see :

Just as I thought . . . on the other side the
faces of children three ;

Clustered together cherub-like, three little laugh-
ing girls,

With the usual tiny rosebud mouths and the usual
silken curls.

"Zut!" I say. "He has beaten me; for me, I
have only two,"

And I push the locket beneath his shirt, feel-
ing a little blue.

Oh, it isn't cheerful to see a man, the marvellous
work of God,

Crushed in the mutilation mill, crushed to a
smeary clod;

Oh, it isn't cheerful to hear him moan; but it
isn't that I mind,

It isn't the anguish that goes with him, it's the
anguish he leaves behind.

For his going opens a tragic door that gives on a
world of pain,

And the death he dies, those who live and love,
will die again and again.

ONLY A BOCHE

So here I am at my cards once more, but it's kind
of spoiling my play,
Thinking of those three brats of his so many a
mile away.

War is war, and he's only a Boche, and we all of
us take our chance;

But all the same I'll be mighty glad when I'm
hearing the ambulance.

One foe the less, but all the same I'm heartily
glad I'm not

The man who gave him his broken head, the
sniper who fired the shot.

No trumps you make it, I think you said?
You'll pardon me if I err;

For a moment I thought of other things . . .
Mon Dieu! Quelle vache de guerre.

PILGRIMS

For oh, when the war will be over
We'll go and we'll look for our dead;
We'll go when the bee's on the clover,
And the plume of the poppy is red:
We'll go when the year's at its gayest,
When meadows are laughing with flow'rs;
And there where the crosses are greyest,
We'll seek for the cross that is ours.

For they cry to us: *Friends, we are lonely,
A-weary the night and the day;
But come in the blossom-time only,
Come when our graves will be gay:
When daffodils all are a-blowing,
And larks are a-thrilling the skies,
Oh, come with the hearts of you glowing,
And the joy of the Spring in your eyes.*

PILGRIMS

*But never, oh, never come sighing,
For ours was the Splendid Release;
And oh, but 'twas joy in the dying
To know we were winning you Peace!
So come when the valleys are sheening,
And fledged with the promise of grain;
And here where our graves will be greening,
Just smile and be happy again.*

And so, when the war will be over,
We'll seek for the Wonderful One;
And maiden will look for her lover,
And mother will look for her son;
And there will be end to our grieving,
And gladness will gleam over loss,
As — glory beyond all believing!
We point . . . to a name on a cross.

MY PRISONER

We was in a crump-'ole, 'im and me;
'Fightin' wiv our bayonets was we;
'Fightin' 'ard as 'ell we was,
'Fightin' fierce as fire because
It was 'im or me as must be downed;
'E was twice as big as me;
I was 'arf the weight of 'e;
We was like a terryer and a 'ound.

'Struth! But 'e was sich a 'andsome bloke.
Me, I'm 'andsome as a chunk o' coke.
Did I give it 'im? Not 'arf!
Why, it fairly made me laugh,
'Cos 'is bloomin' bellows wasn't sound.
Couldn't fight for monkey nuts.
Soon I gets 'im in the guts,
There 'e lies a-floppin' on the ground.

MY PRISONER

In I goes to finish up the job.
Quick 'e throws 'is 'ands above 'is nob;
Speakin' English good as me:
" 'Tain't no use to kill," says 'e;
" Can't yer tyke me prisoner instead? "
" Why, I'd like to, sir," says I;
" But — yer knows the reason why:
If we pokes our noses out we're dead.

" Sorry, sir. Then on the other 'and
(As a gent like you must understand),
If I 'olds you longer 'ere,
Wiv yer pals so werry near,
It's me 'oo'll 'ave a free trip to Berlin;
If I lets yer go away,
Why, you'll fight another day:
See the sitoation I am in.

" Anyway I'll tell you wot I'll do,
Bein' kind and seein' as it's you,
Knowin' 'ow it's cold, the feel
Of a 'alf a yard o' steel,
I'll let yer 'ave a rifle ball instead;
Now, jist think yerself in luck. . . .
'Ere, ol' man! You keep 'em stuck,
Them saucy dooks o' yours, above yer 'ead."

MY PRISONER

'Ow 'is mits shot up it made me smile!
'Ow 'e seemed to ponder for a while!
Then 'e says: " It seems a shyme,
Me, a man wot's known ter Fyme:
Give me blocks of stone, I'll give yer gods.
Whereas, pardon me, I'm sure
You, my friend, are still obscure. . . ."
" In war," says I, " that makes no blurry odds."

Then says 'e: " I've painted picters too. . . .
Oh, dear God! The work I planned to do,
And to think this is the end! "
" 'Ere," says I, " my hartist friend,
Don't you give yerself no friskin' airs.
Picters, statoos, is that why
You should be let off to die?
That the best ye done? Just say yer prayers."

Once again 'e seems ter think awhile.
Then 'e smiles a werry 'aughty smile:
" Why, no, sir, it's not the best;
There's a locket next me breast,
Pictur of a gel 'oo's eyes are blue.
That's the best I've done," says 'e.
" That's me darter, aged three. . . ."
" Blimy! " says I, " I've a nipper, too."

MY PRISONER

Straight I chucks my rifle to one side;
Shows 'im wiv a lovin' farther's pride
Me own little Mary Jane.
Proud 'e shows me 'is Elaine,
And we talks as friendly as can be;
Then I 'elps 'im on 'is way,
'Opes 'e's sife at 'ome to-day,
Wonders —'ow *would 'e 'ave treated me?*

TRI-COLOUR

Poppies, you try to tell me, glowing there in the
wheat;

Poppies! Ah no! You mock me: It's blood,
I tell you, it's blood.

It's gleaming wet in the grasses; it's glist'ning
warm in the wheat;

It dabbles the ferns and the clover; it brims in
an angry flood;

It leaps to the startled heavens; it smothers the
sun; it cries

With scarlet voices of triumph from blossom and
bough and blade.

See the bright horror of it! It's roaring out
of the skies,

And the whole red world is a-welter. . . .
O God! I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

Cornflowers, you say, just cornflowers, gemming
the golden grain;

Ah no! You can't deceive me. Can't I be-
lieve my eyes?

Look! It's the dead, my comrades, stark on the
dreadful plain,

TRI-COLOUR

All in their dark-blue blouses, staring up at the
skies.

Comrades of canteen laughter, dumb in the yellow
wheat.

See how they sprawl and huddle! See how their
brows are white!

Goaded on to the shambles, there in death and
defeat. . . .

Father of Pity, hide them! Hasten, O God,
Thy night!

Lilies (the light is waning), only lilies you say,
Nestling and softly shining there where the
spear-grass waves.

No, my friend, I know better; brighter I see than
day:

It's the poor little wooden crosses over their
quiet graves.

Oh, how they're gleaming, gleaming! See!
Each cross has a crown.

Yes, it's true I am dying; little will be the
loss. . . .

Darkness . . . but look! In Heaven a light,
and it's shining down. . . .

God's accolade! Lift me up, friends. I'm going
to win — *my Cross*.

A POT OF TEA

You make it in your mess-tin by the brazier's
rosy gleam;
You watch it cloud, then settle amber clear;
You lift it with your bay'nit, and you sniff the
fragrant steam;
The very breath of it is ripe with cheer.
You're awful cold and dirty, and a-cursin' of
your lot;
You scoff the blushin' 'alf of it, so rich and rip-
pin' 'ot;
It bucks you up like anythink, just seems to touch
the spot:
God bless the man that first discovered
Tea!

Since I came out to fight in France, which ain't
the other day,
I think I've drunk enough to float a barge;
All kinds of fancy foreign dope, from caffy and
doo lay,
To rum they serves you out before a charge.

A POT OF TEA

In back rooms of estaminays I've gurgled pints
of cham;
I've swilled down mugs of cider till I've felt a
bloomin' dam;
But 'struth! they all ain't in it with the vintage
of Assam:
God bless the man that first invented Tea!

I think them lazy lumps o' gods wot kips on as-
phodel
Swigs nectar that's a flavour of Oolong;
I only wish them sons o' guns a-grillin' down in
'ell
Could 'ave their daily ration of Suchong.
Hurrah! I'm off to battle, which is 'ell and
'eaven too;
And if I don't give some poor bloke a sexton's
job to do,
To-night, by Fritz's campfire, won't I 'ave a gor-
geous brew
(For fightin' mustn't interfere with Tea).
To-night we'll all be tellin' of the Boches that
we slew,
As we drink the giddy victory in Tea.

THE REVELATION

*The same old sprint in the morning, boys, to the
same old din and smut;
Chained all day to the same old desk, down in
the same old rut;
Posting the same old greasy books, catching the
same old train:
Oh, how will I manage to stick it all, if I ever
get back again?*

We've bidden good-bye to life in a cage, we're
finished with pushing a pen;
They're pumping us full of bellicose rage, they're
showing us how to be men.
We're only beginning to find ourselves; we're
wonders of brawn and thew;
But when we go back to our Sissy jobs,— oh,
what are we going to do?

For shoulders curved with the counter stoop will
be carried erect and square;
And faces white from the office light will be
bronzed by the open air;

THE REVELATION

And we'll walk with the stride of a new-born
pride, with a new-found joy in our eyes,
Scornful men who have dived with death under
the naked skies.

And when we get back to the dreary grind, and
the bald-headed boss's call,
Don't you think that the dingy window-blind, and
the dingier office wall,
Will suddenly melt to a vision of space, of vio-
lent, flame-scarred night?
Then . . . oh, the joy of the danger-thrill, and
oh, the roar of the fight!

Don't you think as we peddle a card of pins the
counter will fade away,
And again we'll be seeing the sand-bag rims, and
the barb-wire's misty grey?
As a flat voice asks for a pound of tea, don't you
fancy we'll hear instead
The night-wind moan and the soothing drone of
the packet that's overhead?

Don't you guess that the things we're seeing now
will haunt us through all the years;
Heaven and hell rolled into one, glory and blood
and tears;

THE REVELATION

Life's pattern picked with a scarlet thread, where
once we wove with a grey
To remind us all how we played our part in the
shock of an epic day?

Oh, we're booked for the Great Adventure now,
we're pledged to the Real Romance;
We'll find ourselves or we'll lose ourselves some-
where in giddy old France;
We'll know the zest of the fighter's life; the best
that we have we'll give;
We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die . . . but first
— we'll live; by the gods, we'll live!

We'll breathe free air and we'll bivouac under
the starry sky;
We'll march with men and we'll fight with men,
and we'll see men laugh and die;
We'll know such joy as we never dreamed; we'll
fathom the deeps of pain:
But the hardest bit of it all will be — when we
come back home again.

THE REVELATION

*For some of us smirk in a chiffon shop, and some
of us teach in a school;
Some of us help with the seat of our pants to
polish an office stool;
The merits of somebody's soap or jam some of
us seek to explain,
But all of us wonder what we'll do when we have
to go back again.*

GRAND-PÈRE

And so when he reached my bed
The General made a stand:
" My brave young fellow," he said,
 " I would shake your hand."

So I lifted my arm, the right,
With never a hand at all;
Only a stump, a sight
 Fit to appal.

" Well, well. Now that's too bad!
That's sorrowful luck," he said;
" But there! You give me, my lad,
 The left instead."

So from under the blanket's rim
I raised and showed him the other,
A snag as ugly and grim
 As its ugly brother.

GRAND-PÈRE

He looked at each jagged wrist;
He looked, but he did not speak;
And then he bent down and kissed
Me on either cheek.

You wonder now I don't mind
I hadn't a hand to offer. . . .
They tell me (you know I'm blind)
'Twas Grand-père Joffre.

SON

He hurried away, young heart of joy, under our
Devon sky!
And I watched him go, my beautiful boy, and a
weary woman was I.
For my hair is grey, and his was gold; he'd the
best of his life to live;
And I'd loved him so, and I'm old, I'm old; and
he's all I had to give.

Ah yes, he was proud and swift and gay, but
oh how my eyes were dim!
With the sun in his heart he went away, but he
took the sun with him.
For look! How the leaves are falling now, and
the winter won't be long. . . .
Oh boy, my boy with the sunny brow, and the
lips of love and of song!

SON

How we used to sit at the day's sweet end, we
two by the firelight's gleam,
And we'd drift to the Valley of Let's Pretend,
on the beautiful river of Dream.
Oh dear little heart! All wealth untold would
I gladly, gladly pay
Could I just for a moment closely hold that
golden head to my grey.

For I gaze in the fire, and I'm seeing there a
child, and he waves to me;
And I run and I hold him up in the air, and he
laughs and shouts with glee;
A little bundle of love and mirth, crying:
"Come, Mumsie dear!"
Ah me! If he called from the ends of the earth
I know that my heart would hear.

.

Yet the thought comes thrilling through all my
pain: how worthier could he die?
Yea, a loss like that is a glorious gain, and piti-
ful proud am I.

SON

For Peace must be bought with blood and tears,
and the boys of our hearts must pay;
And so in our joy of the after-years, let us bless
them every day.

And though I know there's a hasty grave with a
poor little cross at its head,
And the gold of his youth he so gladly gave, yet
to me he'll never be dead.
And the sun in my Devon lane will be gay, and
my boy will be with me still,
So I'm finding the heart to smile and say: " Oh
God, if it be Thy Will! "

THE BLACK DUDEEN

*Humping it here in the dug-out,
Sucking me black dudeen,
I'd like to say in a general way,
There's nothing like Nickyteen;
There's nothing like Nickyteen, me boys,
Be it pipes or snipes or cigars;
So be sure that a bloke
Has plenty to smoke,
If you wants him to fight your wars.*

When I've eat my fill and my belt is snug,
I begin to think of my baccy plug.
I whittle a fill in my horny palm,
And the bowl of me old clay pipe I cram.
I trim the edges, I tamp it down,
I nurse a light with an anxious frown;
I begin to draw, and my cheeks tuck in,
And all my face is a blissful grin;
And up in a cloud the good smoke goes,
And the good pipe glimmers and fades and
glows;

THE BLACK DUDEEN

In its throat it chuckles a cheery song,
For I likes it hot and I likes it strong.
Oh, it's good is grub when you're feeling hollow,
But the best of a meal's the smoke to follow.

There was Micky and me on a night patrol,
Having to hide in a fizz-bang hole;
And sure I thought I was worse than dead
Wi' them crump-crumps hustlin' over me head.
Sure I thought 'twas the dirty spot,
Hammer and tongs till the air was hot.
And mind you, water up to your knees.
And cold! A monkey of brass would freeze.
And if we ventured our noses out
A "typewriter" clattered its pills about.
The field of glory! Well, I don't think!
I'd sooner be safe and snug in clink.

Then Micky, he goes and he cops one bad,
He always was having ill-luck, poor lad.
Says he: "Old chummy, I'm booked right
through;
Death and me 'as a wrongday voo.
But . . . 'aven't you got a pinch of shag? —
I'd sell me perishin' soul for a fag."
And there he shivered and cussed his luck,

THE BLACK DUDEEN

So I gave him me old black pipe to suck.
And he heaves a sigh, and he takes to it
Like a babby takes to his mammy's tit;
Like an infant takes to his mother's breast
Poor little Micky! he went to rest.

But the dawn was near, though the night was
black,

So I left him there and I started back.
And I laughed as the silly old bullets came,
For the bullet ain't made wot's got me name.
Yet some of 'em buzzed onhealthily near,
And one little blighter just chipped me ear.
But there! I got to the trench all right,
When sudden I jumped wi' a start o' fright,
And a word that doesn't look well in type:
I'd clean forgotten me old clay pipe.

So I had to do it all over again,
Crawling out on that filthy plain.
Through shells and bombs and bullets and all —
Only this time — I do not crawl.
I run like a man wot's missing a train,
Or a tom-cat caught in a plump of rain.
I hear the spit of a quick-fire gun
Tickle my heels, but I run, I run.

THE BLACK DUDEEN

Through crash and crackle, and flicker and flame,
(Oh, the packet ain't issued wot's got me name!)
I run like a man that's no ideer
Of hunting around for a sooveneer.
I run bang into a German chap,
And he stares like an owl, so I bash his map.
And just to show him that I'm his boss,
I gives him a kick on the parados.
And I marches him back with me all serene,
With, *tucked in me gub, me old dudeen.*

*Sitting here in the trenches
Me heart's a-splittin' with spleen,
For a parcel o' lead comes missing me head,
But it smashes me old dudeen.
God blast that red-headed sniper!
I'll give him somethin' to snipe;
Before the war's through
Just see how I do
That blighter that smashed me pipe.*

THE LITTLE PIOUS-PIOUS *

Oh, some of us lolled in the château,
And some of us slinked in the slum;
But now we are here with a song and a cheer
To serve at the sign of the drum.
They put us in trousers of scarlet,
In big sloppy ulsters of blue;
In boots that are flat, a box of a hat,
And they call us the little piou-piou,
 Piou-piou,
The laughing and quaffing piou-piou,
The swinging and singing piou-piou;
And so with a rattle we march to the battle,
The weary but cheery piou-piou.

*Encore un petit verre de vin,
Pour nous mettre en route;
Encore un petit verre de vin
Pour nous mettre en train.*

They drive us head-on for the slaughter;
We haven't got much of a chance;
The issue looks bad, but we're awfully glad
To battle and die for La France.
For some must be killed, that is certain;

* The French "Tommy."

THE LITTLE PIOUS-PIOU

There's only one's duty to do;
So we leap to the fray in the glorious way
They expect of the little piou-piou.

En avant!

The way of the gallant piou-piou,
The dashing and smashing piou-piou;
The way grim and gory that leads us to glory
Is the way of the little piou-piou.

*Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.*

To-day you would scarce recognise us,
Such veterans war-wise are we;
So grimy and hard, so calloused and scarred,
So "crummy," yet gay as can be.
We've finished with trousers of scarlet,
They're giving us breeches of blue,
With a helmet instead of a cap on our head,
Yet still we're the little piou-piou.

Nous les aurons!

The jesting, unresting piou-piou;
The cheering, unfearing piou-piou;
The keep-your-head-level and fight-like-the-devil;
The dying, defying piou-piou.

*À la bayonette! Jusqu'à la mort!
Sonnez la charge, clairons!*

BILL THE BOMBER

The poppies gleamed like bloody pools through
cotton-woolly mist;

The Captain kept a-lookin' at the watch upon his
wrist;

And there we smoked and squatted, as we
watched the shrapnel flame;

'Twas wonnerful, I'm tellin' you, how fast them
bullets came.

'Twas weary work the waiting, though; I tried
to sleep a wink,

For waitin' means a-thinkin', and it doesn't do to
think.

So I closed my eyes a little, and I had a niceish
dream

Of a-standin' by a dresser with a dish of Devon
cream;

But I hadn't time to sample it, for suddenlike I
woke:

"Come on, me lads!" the Captain says, 'n I
climbed out through the smoke.

We spread out in the open: it was like a bath of
lead;

BILL THE BOMBER

But the boys they cheered and hollered fit to raise
the bloody dead,
Till a beastly bullet copped 'em, then they lay
without a sound,
And it's odd — we didn't seem to heed them
corpses on the ground.
And I kept on thinkin', thinkin', as the bullets
faster flew,
How they picks the werry best men, and they lets
the rotters through;
So indiscriminatin' like, they spares a man of sin,
And a rare lad wots a husband and a father gets
done in.
And while havin' these reflections and advancin'
on the run,
A bullet biffs me shoulder, and says I: "That's
number one."

Well, it downed me for a jiffy, but I didn't lose
me calm,
For I knew that I was needed: I'm a bomber,
so I am.
I 'ad lost me cap and rifle, but I "carried on"
because
I 'ad me bombs and knew that they was needed,
so they was.

BILL THE BOMBER

We didn't 'ave no singin' now, nor many men to
cheer;
Maybe the shrapnel drowned 'em, crashin' out
so werry near;
And the Maxims got us sideways, and the bullets
faster flew,
And I copped one on me flipper, and says I:
"That's number two."

I was pleased it was the left one, for I 'ad me
bombs, ye see,
And 'twas 'ard if they'd be wasted like, and all
along o' me.
And I'd lost me 'at and rifle — but I told you
that before,
So I packed me mit inside me coat and "carried
on" once more.
But the rumpus it was wicked, and the men were
scarcer yet,
And I felt me ginger goin', but me jaws I kindo
set,
And we passed the Boche first trenches, which
was 'eapin' 'igh with dead,
And we started for their second, which was fifty
feet ahead;
When something like a 'ammer smashed me sav-
age on the knee,

BILL THE BOMBER

And down I came all muck and blood: Says I:
“ That’s number three.”

So there I lay all ’elpless like, and bloody sick at
that,

And worryin’ like anythink, because I’d lost
me ’at;

And thinkin’ of me missis, and the partin’ words
she said:

“ If you gets killed, write quick, ol’ man, and tell
me as you’re dead.”

And lookin’ at me bunch o’ bombs — that was
the ’ardest blow,

To think I’d never ’ave the chance to ’url them at
the foe.

And there was all our boys in front, a-fightin’
there like mad,

And me as could ’ave ’elped ’em wiv the lovely
bombs I ’ad.

And so I cussed and cussed, and then I struggled
back again,

Into that bit of battered trench, packed solid with
its slain.

Now as I lay a-lyin’ there and blastin’ of me lot,
And wishin’ I could just dispose of all them
bombs I’d got,

BILL THE BOMBER

I sees within the doorway of a shy, retirin' dug-
out
Six Boches all a-grinnin', and their Captain stuck
'is mug out;
And they 'ad a nice machine gun, and I twigged
what they was at;
And they fixed it on a tripod, and I watched 'em
like a cat;
And they got it in position, and they seemed so
werry glad,
Like they'd got us in a death-trap, which, con-
demn their souls! they 'ad.
For there our boys was fightin' fifty yards in
front, and 'ere
This lousy bunch of Boches they 'ad got us in
the rear.

Oh it set me blood a-boilin' and I quite forgot
me pain,
So I started crawlin', crawlin' over all them
mounds of slain;
And them barstards was so busy-like they 'ad no
eyes for me,
And me bleedin' leg was draggin', but me right
arm it was free. . . .
And now they 'ave it all in shape, and swingin'
sweet and clear;

THE SONG OF THE PACIFIST

If this be all: by the blood-drenched plains, by
the havoc of fire and fear,
By the rending roar of the War of Wars, by
the Dead so doubly dear. . . .
Then our Victory is a vast defeat, and it mocks
us as we cheer.

Victory! there can be but one, hallowed in every
land:
When by the graves of our common dead we
who were foemen stand;
And in the hush of our common grief hand is
tendered to hand.

Triumph! Yes, when out of the dust in the
splendour of their release
The spirits of those who fell go forth and they
hallow our hearts to peace,
And, brothers in pain, with world-wide voice,
we clamour that War shall cease.

Glory! Ay, when from blackest loss shall be
born most radiant gain;
When over the gory fields shall rise a star that
never shall wane:

THE SONG OF THE PACIFIST

Then, and then only, our Dead shall know that
they have not fall'n in vain.

When our children's children shall talk of
War as a madness that may not be;
When we thank our God for our grief to-day,
and blazon from sea to sea
In the name of the Dead the banner of Peace
. . . *that will be Victory.*

THE TWINS

There were two brothers, John and James,
And when the town went up in flames,
To save the house of James dashed John,
Then turned, and lo! his own was gone.

And when the great World War began,
To volunteer John promptly ran;
And while he learned live bombs to lob,
James stayed at home and — sneaked his job.

John came home with a missing limb;
That didn't seem to worry him;
But oh, it set his brain awirl
To find that James had — sneaked his girl!

Time passed. John tried his grief to drown;
To-day James owns one-half the town;
His army contracts riches yield;
And John? Well, *search the Potter's Field.*

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER-BORN

*Give me the scorn of the stars and a peak de-
fiant;
Wail of the pines and a wind with the shout of
a giant;
Night and a trail unknown and a heart re-
liant.*

Give me to live and love in the old, bold fashion;
A soldier's billet at night and a soldier's ration;
A heart that leaps to the fight with a soldier's
passion.

For I hold as a simple faith there's no denying:
The trade of a soldier's the only trade worth
plying;
The death of a soldier's the only death worth
dying.

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER-BORN

So let me go and leave your safety behind
me;
Go to the spaces of hazard where nothing shall
bind me;
Go till the word is War — and then you will
find me.

Then you will call me and claim me because
you will need me;
Cheer me and gird me and into the battle-wrath
speed me. . . .
And when it's over, spurn me and no longer
heed me.

For guile and a purse gold-greased are the
arms you carry;
With deeds of paper you fight and with pens
you parry;
You call on the hounds of the law your foes
to harry.

You with your "Art for its own sake," posing
and prinking;
You with your "Live and be merry," eating
and drinking;

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER-BORN

You with your "Peace at all hazard," from
bright blood shrinking.

Fools! I will tell you now: though the red
rain patters,
And a million of men go down, it's little it
matters. . . .
There's the Flag upflung to the stars, though
it streams in tatters.

There's a glory gold never can buy to yearn
and to cry for;
There's a hope that's as old as the sky to suffer
and sigh for;
There's a faith that out-dazzles the sun to
martyr and die for.

Ah no! it's my dream that War will never be
ended;
That men will perish like men, and valour be
splendid;
That the Flag by the sword will be served,
and honour defended.

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER-BORN

That the tale of my fights will never be ancient
story;
That though my eye may be dim and my beard
be hoary,
I'll die as a soldier dies on the Field of
Glory.

*So give me a strong right arm for a wrong's
swift righting;
Stave of a song on my lips as my sword is
smiting;
Death in my boots may-be, but fighting,
fighting.*

AFTERNOON TEA

As I was saying . . . (No, thank you; I never
take cream with my tea;

Cows weren't allowed in the trenches — got out
of the habit, y'see.)

As I was saying, our Colonel leaped up like a
youngster of ten:

“Come on, lads!” he shouts, “and we'll show
'em.” And he sprang to the head of the
men.

Then some bally thing seemed to trip him, and
he fell on his face with a slam. . . .

Oh, he died like a true British soldier, and the
last word he uttered was “Damn!”

And hang it! I loved the old fellow, and
something just burst in my brain,

And I cared no more for the bullets than I
would for a shower of rain.

'Twas an awf'ly funny sensation (I say, this is
jolly nice tea);

AFTERNOON TEA

I felt as if something had broken; by gad! I
was suddenly free.
Free for a glorified moment, beyond regula-
tions and laws,
Free just to wallow in slaughter, as the chap
of the Stone Age was.
So on I went joyously nursing a Berserker rage
of my own,
And though all my chaps were behind me, feel-
ing most frightf'ly alone;
With the bullets and shells ding-donging, and
the "krock" and the swish of the shrap;
And I found myself humming "Ben Bolt"
. . . (Will you pass me the sugar, old
chap?
Two lumps, please). . . . What was I say-
ing? Oh yes, the jolly old dash;
We simply ripped through the barrage, and
on with a roar and a crash.
My fellows — Old Nick couldn't stop 'em.
On, on they went with a yell,
Till they tripped on the Boches' sand-bags,—
nothing much left to tell:
A trench so tattered and battered that even a
rat couldn't live;

AFTERNOON TEA

Some corpses tangled and mangled, wire you
could pass through a sieve.
The jolly old guns had bilked us, cheated us
out of our show,
And my fellows were simply yearning for a
red mix-up with the foe.
So I shouted to them to follow, and on we went
roaring again,
Battle-tuned and exultant, on in the leaden rain.
Then all at once a machine gun barks from a
bit of a bank,
And our Major roars in a fury: "We've got
to take it on flank."
He was running like fire to lead us, when down
like a stone he comes,
As full of "typewriter" bullets as a pudding
is full of plums.
So I took his job and we got 'em. . . . By gad!
we got 'em like rats;
Down in a deep shell-crater we fought like
Kilkenny cats.
'Twas pleasant just for a moment to be sheltered
and out of range,
With someone you *saw* to go for — it made
an agreeable change.

AFTERNOON TEA

And the Boches that missed my bullets, my
chaps gave a bayonet jolt,
And all the time, I remember, I whistled and
hummed "Ben Bolt."

Well, that little job was over, so hell for
leather we ran,
On to the second line trenches,— that's where
the fun began.
For though we had strafed 'em like fury, there
still were some Boches about,
And my fellows, teeth set and eyes glaring, like
terriers routed 'em out.
Then I stumbled on one of their dug-outs, and
I shouted: "Is anyone there?"
And a voice, "Yes, one; but I'm wounded,"
came faint up the narrow stair;
And my man was descending before me, when
sudden a cry! a shot!
(I say, this cake is delicious. You make it
yourself, do you not?)
My man? Oh, they killed the poor devil; for
if there was one there was ten;
So after I'd bombed 'em sufficient I went down
at the head of my men,

AFTERNOON TEA

And four tried to sneak from a bunk-hole, but
we cornered the rotters all right;
I'd rather not go into details, 'twas messy that
bit of the fight.
But all of it's beastly messy; let's talk of pleas-
anter things:
The skirts that the girls are wearing, ridicu-
lous fluffy things,
So short that they show. . . . Oh, hang it!
Well, if I must, I must.
We cleaned out the second trench line, bomb
and bayonet thrust;
And on we went to the third one, quite cal-
loused to crumping by now;
And some of our fellows who'd passed us were
making a deuce of a row;
And my chaps — well, I just couldn't hold 'em;
(It's strange how it is with gore;
In some ways it's just like whiskey: if you
taste it you must have more.)
Their eyes were like beacons of battle; by gad,
sir! they *couldn't* be calmed,
So I headed 'em bang for the bomb-belt, rac-
ing like billy-be-damned.
Oh, it didn't take long to arrive there, those
who arrived at all;

AFTERNOON TEA

The machine guns were certainly chronic, the
shindy enough to appal.
Oh yes, I omitted to tell you, I'd wounds on
the chest and the head.
And my shirt was torn to a gun-rag, and my
face blood-gummy and red.
I'm thinking I looked like a madman; I fancy
I felt one too,
Half naked and swinging a rifle. . . . God!
what a glorious "do."
As I sit here in old Picadilly, sipping my after-
noon tea,
I see a blind, bullet-chipped devil, and it's hard
to believe that it's me;
I see a wild, war-damaged demon, smashing
out left and right,
And humming "Ben Bolt" rather loudly, and
hugely enjoying the fight.
And as for my men, may God bless 'em! I've
loved 'em ever since then:
They fought like the shining angels; they're
the pick o' the land, my men.
And the trench was a reeking shambles, not a
Boche to be seen alive —
So I thought; but on rounding a traverse I
came on a covey of five;

AFTERNOON TEA

And four of 'em threw up their flippers, but
the fifth chap, a sergeant, was game,
And though I'd a bomb and revolver he came
at me just the same.
A sporty thing that, I tell you; I just couldn't
blow him to hell,
So I swung to the point of his jaw-bone, and
down like a ninepin he fell.
And then when I'd brought him to reason, he
wasn't half bad, that Hun;
He bandaged my head and my short-rib as well
as the Doc could have done.
So back I went with my Boches, as gay as a two-
year-old colt,
And it suddenly struck me as rummy, I still
was a-humming "Ben Bolt."
And now, by Jove! how I've bored you.
You've just let me babble away;
Let's talk of the things that *matter* — your
car or the newest play. . . .

THE MOURNERS

I look into the aching womb of night;
I look across the mist that masks the dead;
The moon is tired and gives but little light,
The stars have gone to bed.

The earth is sick and seems to breathe with pain;
A lost wind whimpers in a mangled tree;
I do not see the foul, corpse-cluttered plain,
The dead I do not see.

The slain I *would* not see . . . and so I lift
My eyes from out the shambles where they lie;
When lo! a million woman-faces drift
Like pale leaves through the sky.

The cheeks of some are channelled deep with
tears;
But some are tearless, with wild eyes that stare
Into the shadow of the coming years
Of fathomless despair.

THE MOURNERS

And some are young, and some are very old;
And some are rich, some poor beyond belief;
Yet all are strangely like, set in the mould
Of everlasting grief.

They fill the vast of Heaven, face on face;
And then I see one weeping with the rest,
Whose eyes beseech me for a moment's
space. . . .
Oh eyes I love the best!

Nay, I but dream. The sky is all forlorn,
And there's the plain of battle writhing red:
God pity them, the women-folk who mourn!
How happy are the dead!

L'ENVOI

*My job is done; my rhymes are ranked and
ready,
My word-battalions marching verse by verse;
Here stanza-companies are none too steady;
There print-platoons are weak, but might be
worse.
And as in marshalled order I review them,
My type-brigades, unfearful of the fray,
My eyes that seek their faults are seeing
through them
Immortal visions of an epic day.*

*It seems I'm in a giant bowling-alley;
The hidden heavies round me crash and thud;
A spire snaps like a pipe-stem in the valley;
The rising sun is like a ball of blood.
Along the road the "fantassins" are pouring,
And some are gay as fire, and some steel-
stern. . . .*

L'ENVOI

*Then back again I see the red tide pouring,
Along the reeking road from Hebuterne.*

*And once again I seek Hill Sixty-Seven,
The Hun lines grey and peaceful in my sight;
When suddenly the rosy air is riven —
A "coal-box" blots the "boyou" on my right.
Or else to evil Carnoy I am stealing,
Past sentinels who hail with bated breath;
Where not a cigarette spark's dim revealing
May hint our mission in that zone of death.*

*I see across the shrapnel-seeded meadows
The jagged rubble-heap of La Boiselle;
Blood-guilty Fricourt brooding in the shadows,
And Thiepval's château empty as a shell.
Down Albert's riven streets the moon is leer-
ing;
The Hanging Virgin takes its bitter ray;
And all the road from Hamel I am hearing
The silver rage of bugles over Bray.*

L'ENVOI

*Once more within the sky's deep sapphire
hollow*

*I sight a swimming Taube, a fairy thing;
I watch the angry shell flame flash and follow
In feather puffs that flick a tilted wing;
And then it fades, with shrapnel mirror's
flashing;*

*The flashes bloom to blossoms lily gold;
The batteries are rancorously crashing,
And life is just as full as it can hold.*

*Oh spacious days of glory and of grieving!
Oh sounding hours of lustre and of loss!
Let us be glad we lived you, still believing
The God who gave the cannon gave the Cross.
Let us be sure amid these seething passions,
The lusts of blood and hate our souls abhor:
The Power that Order out of Chaos fashions
Smites fiercest in the wrath-red forge of
War. . . .*

*Have faith! Fight on! Amid the battle-hell
Love triumphs, Freedom beacons, all is well.*

